P
LE
S

$1.50 per Annum. Price 15 Cents.

VOLUME III. JUNE, 1886. NO. XXX.

Shakespeariana

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE

The Most Useful WASHING COMPOUND

EVER PUT BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Every lady, whether *housekeeping* or *boarding*, should become acquainted with its utility. It will be found as handy to have in the boudoir —for removing stains from small articles, for bathing, or for cleaning jewelry, etc.—as in the laundry or kitchen

Sold by all first-class grocers; but see that spurious articles are not forced upon you.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE SCRIPTURES TRUE

Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scriptures, with special reference to the doubts and discoveries of modern times. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, author of *"Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World,"* etc. New edition with the notes translated by A. N. Arnold. Price reduced from $1.75 to **50 cents.** Postage 10c. extra.

"We remember the intense interest with which we read these lectures at the beginning of our ministerial course. The historical principles which Rawlinson lays down and applies, and the wealth of facts which he subsidizes, remain in support of the divine word against current assailants. We are, therefore, glad to see this new edition of the lectures."—*Presbyterian Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"A book of great value, and especially adapted to meet the objections of skeptics at the present day. Mr. Rawlinson, from his accurate knowledge of the literary monuments of antiquity, as well as the remarkable discoveries which have recently been made in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, was peculiarly qualified for his work, and he has brought his vast stores of knowledge to confirm the historical accuracy of the Scriptures in a most convincing manner." — *Methodist Recorder, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
802 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Blackwood's Magazine

MAY 1886

Contains the first part of a New Novel by F. Marion Crawford, Author of 'Mr. Isaacs,' 'Zoraster,' &c., entitled

"SARRACINESCA."

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.,

1104 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

26857 E
1/32
7

NO. XXX. JUNE, 1886. VOL. III.

CONTENTS:

Mr. Donnelly's Shakespeare Cipher. PERCY M. WALLACE. . . . 241
The Interpretation of Literature. Professor EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D. . 254
Massinger and the Bankside. TOM RUSSEL. 272
NOTES AND QUERIES.
Drayton a Debtor to *Richard II.* A. M. BEVERIDGE. . . . 276
The Secret History of Macbeth. ALBERT R. FREY. 277
THE DRAMA
A French *Midsummer's Night's Dream.* 278
Mme. Modjeska's Season. 279
Greek Drama in London. 281
Shakespeare and M. Meurice. 281
REVIEWS.
Garrick and his Contemporaries. 282

PHILADELPHIA:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,
1104 WALNUT STREET.

THE

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO'S.,

PERIODICALS.

Single Copies for sale by the following Dealers in Cities named:

BALTIMORE, MD.,	BALTIMORE NEWS CO.,	Sun. Iron Building.
BOSTON, MASS.,	CUPPLES, UPHAM & CO.,	283 Washington St.
CHICAGO, ILL.,	BRENTANO BROS.,	101 State St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.	ROBERT CLARKE & CO.,	61 West 4th, St.
HALIFAX, NOVA SCO.,	T. C. ALLEN & CO.,	124 Granville St.
HAMILTON, CANADA.	J. EASTWOOD & CO.,	
MONTREAL, CANADA.	DAWSON BROS.,	233 St. James St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.,	GEO. F. WHARTON & BRO.,	5 Carondelet St.
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.,	BRENTANO BROS.,	5 Union Square.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,	LEONARD SCOTT PUB. CO.,	1104 Walnut St.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.,	S. S. RIDER.	
RICHMOND, VA.,	BECKWITH & PARHAM.	
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,	J. C. SCOTT.	22 Third St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.,	A. & J. MCMILLAN.	98 Prince William St.
ST. LOUIS, MO.,	ST. LOUIS NEWS CO.,	
TORONTO, CANADA.	HART & CO.,	31 King St., W.
VICTORIA, BR. COL.,	T. H. HIBBEN & CO.,	Masonic Building.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,	BRENTANO BROS.,	1015 Penna. Av.

Annual Subscriptions Received by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUB. CO.,

1104 WALNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER.

One of the most remarkable features in what is known as the 'Baconian movement,' and to those who believe in the solidity of its foundations one of the most significant, is the large number of persons to whom the idea has suggested itself independently of the conclusions of others. There are not a few among the party which entertains the confident belief that Bacon was the author of the works which have come down to us under the name of Shakespeare, who, at the time when their suspicions were developed by further research into full conviction, believed that they had then for the first time lit upon the discovery, and only later learned, in some cases by mere chance, that they had been pursuing parallel but entirely independent paths which issued upon the same conclusion.

But, whereas the grounds upon which the adherents of this theory in England and Germany have hitherto based their belief may all be considered either internal or external testimony of the common type, the latest development of the movement is concerned with evidence which is not to be classed under either of these two heads in its ordinary sense. Till lately the confidence of the believers has rested upon the results—to speak in the most general terms—first, of a comparison of the works of Shakespeare with those of Bacon, and secondly, of an examination of the career and correspondence of the latter. A new light has suddenly burst upon the subject. What appears to be confirmatory evidence of an entirely novel nature is announced from beyond the Atlantic, and the 'Baconians' are startled by a report the confirmation of which they would be able to hail as a proof, no less final than unexpected, of the validity of their independent conclusions. It comes in the shape of a declaration from Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Hastings, Minnesota, ex-Member of Congress, that he has discovered, running through the Plays, a Cipher narrative in which Bacon claims their authorship, giving also a detailed account of a considerable portion of his own life and of the Court history during the period of his rise and greatness.

Too much prominence cannot be given to the fact that the 'Baconians' do not rely upon this Cipher for the unflinching belief

which they accord to their theory. Their convictions were established and their numbers on the steady increase before ever this astounding announcement reached England, and, as far as their creed is concerned, it is only as a most gratifying confirmation of the truth of their conclusions that they welcome the report of this discovery. But from another point of view it is to them an invaluable ally. They consider, and with reason, that the addition of this piece of evidence to that already published in Europe will, owing to its peculiar character, swell their numbers more rapidly than would otherwise be the case; for it must be borne in mind that the evidence already existing in this country and in Germany is of a nature that does not necessarily appeal to any not conversant with the life and writings of Bacon, whereas the Cipher, when published, will, through its comparative simplicity, enlist a far greater number of recruits to their ranks. Mr. Donnelly's work will shortly have reached a stage sufficiently advanced to enable him to make public in detail the methods and results of his task, which is at present known of by few, and by the majority of them through rumours only. It will then be easily within the reach of all; whereas a conviction based on the other evidence can only be obtained after considerable labour. Another point that arises in connection with the two classes of evidence—for the ordinary internal and external may for this purpose be classed together—is the obvious fact that, whereas the Cipher must be either entirely conclusive or an unmitigated fraud, that already existing, through its essential character, does not stand or fall all in one piece. It is the collection of the independent work of several minds, and the discovery of a flaw in any one item of the evidence in no way affects the credence due to the rest. This will be plain to those conversant even with such proportion of the case for the 'Baconians' as is to be found in the writings already published on the subject from time to time. In other words, Mr. Donnelly's contribution to the Society's polemic literature is of a mathematical nature, and dependent each step on each for its validity; while that which it has come to supplement is circumstantial, and it is for each individual juryman of the public to decide for himself how far the total of its items is to be considered conclusive. The 'Baconians' claim, however, and apparently with much reason, that, though the total eclipse of Mr. Donnelly and his work would not in any way injure their position, founded beforehand on evidence of an utterly different nature, yet that the establishment of the indisputable truth of the Cipher method would outweigh all arguments of whatever nature on the other side—that is its reward in case of victory for the uncompromising audacity of its claims.

Although for a full understanding even of the Cipher portion of the total evidence—such of it as is here stated—some knowledge of the rest is requisite, any reference to the latter that can be dispensed with will be rigorously excluded. That is, or shortly will be, avail-

able in its entirety to those interested, and the mass is far too large to justify even a near approach except when absolutely necessary. The following pages will be confined to a notice of the methods and results, as far as he has at present made them known, of the worker who has now been so long engaged over this Cipher.

Let it be at once stated that the key to its solution is not yet forthcoming. Mr Donnelly writes that only after immense labour he has discovered it, and that its application to the Plays is a very slow and tedious operation. And he has not yet made such progress in the deciphering but that if the whole rule were to be given others might be able to anticipate the publication of his work. What he has at present thought it safe to divulge are the observations which first roused his suspicions and the confirmatory evidence which his researches brought to light. These will probably appear to many inadequate and far-fetched, but Mr. Donnelly has his own reasons for withholding at present a detailed statement of his case.

He had long been a 'Baconian,' and had thus taken a more than ordinary interest not only in the Plays, but also in the acknowledged works of Bacon. It struck him as curious that, while Bacon lived in an age when the state of the political and social world had habituated public men to an extensive use of cipher, there was no evidence on record in any of his biographies that he ever made any use of an art which he had taken the pains to acquire. For that he devoted considerable labour to the subject we learn from his philosophical writings, in which he not only dwells on the great usefulness of secret means of correspondence, but also gives samples and rules for the best kind of cipher work. For the perfect cipher he lays down that

> the highest degree is to write *omnia per omnia*; which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing infolding to the writing infolded.*

Again—

> The infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded ;†

and there follows a specimen of a cipher

> which I devised myself when I was at Paris in my early youth, and which I still think worthy of preservation; for it has the perfection of a cipher, which is to make anything signify anything.

This is based on the rule just given.

With these passages he compared the following, which occurs in a notice of the 'enigmatical method' of delivery :—

* *Advancement of Learning*, ii. (in Spedding, Ellis, and Heath's edition, 1857 vol. iii. p. 402).

† *De Augmentis*, vi. 1 (S., E., & H., vol. iv. p. 445).

This method was itself used among the ancients, and employed with judgment and discretion. But in later times it has been disgraced by many who have made it as a false and deceitful light to put forward their counterfeit merchandise. The intention of it, however, seems to be by obscurity of delivery to exclude the vulgar (that is, the profane vulgar) from the secrets of knowledge, and to admit those only who have either received the interpretation of the enigmas through the hands of their teachers, or have wits of such sharpness and discernment as can pierce the veil.*

Other passages of a kindred nature are to be found throughout his writings.

Having here not only a proof that Bacon was in this respect no exception among the statesmen of his day, but also what he took to be an encouraging though dark hint that his suspicions were well founded, Mr. Donnelly set to work to discover, if possible, a cipher in the Plays. The immediate reason of his applying himself to this department of Bacon's writings seems to have been his inability to believe that the writer of such works would ever renounce them, and his opinion that in the Plays themselves would most probably be found the assertion of his authorship of them. He turned to the Folio of 1623, which Grant White had pronounced, in his edition of Shakespeare, to be 'the only authentic form in which the text of his dramatic work has reached us.' In this volume, while intending to investigate the matter of the text in the light of the above remarks on cipher work, he made discoveries of an entirely different nature.

The condition in which the Plays are presented to us in the Folio has been a source of amazement and regret to many generations of commentators, but nothing more satisfactory has been suggested by way of explanation than that it 'must be attributed merely to the lack of proper editorial supervision.' This is the conclusion of Grant White after an enumeration of the 'defects and blemishes' that disfigure 'that precious volume.'† Mr. Donnelly's investigation resulted in his discovering, in addition to the items enumerated by Grant White (unless indeed these are the 'minor errors' referred to by the latter), what he characterises as 'irregular paging, arbitrary italicising, meaningless bracketing, and senseless hyphenation.' Now the book is known to have been brought out at great cost, and was evidently intended to be a first-rate edition of the Plays. Is it conceivable, argued Mr. Donnelly to himself, that the editorial supervision should have been carelessly conducted? Surely those

* *De Augmentis*, vi. 2 (S., E., & H., vol. iv. p. 450).

† He remarks (vol. i. p. cclviii), 'Besides minor errors, the correction of which is obvious, words are in some cases so transformed as to be past recognition, even with the aid of the context; lines are transposed; sentences are sometimes broken by a full point followed by a capital letter, and at other times have their members displaced and mingled in incomprehensible confusion; verse is printed as prose, and prose as verse; speeches belonging to one character are given to another; and, in brief, all possible varieties of typographical derangement may be found in this volume, in the careful printing of which the after world had so deep an interest.'

who put forth so expensive a volume would have been at the pains to make it perfect in such common matters as are concerned with typographical correctness. If there is one thing in which printers are careful, it is the paging of the work which they do. This is not the author's work but the printer's, and surely the printer would have been called to sharp account for any incorrectness in this branch of his art. Can the irregularities in this respect and in the use of the italics, brackets, and hyphens be with any semblance of plausibility attributed to the carelessness of the editors? Is it not a far more natural supposition that this extraordinary derangement in matters so simple was the result of deliberate and jealously carried out intention—that these irregularities were purposely inserted? And is it not at least a fair hypothesis that these may in some way contain the key to the Cipher? The *De Augmentis* was published in the same year as the Folio. Is it altogether unwarrantable to suggest that in the simultaneous appearance of these two works Bacon with one hand presented to the world a locked-up secret, and with the other a key by means of which that secret could be unlocked? Would not this most amply justify the words of Sir Tobie Matthew, who, in a letter to Bacon, answering one which accompanied the gift of a 'great and noble token' of his 'Lordship's favour' (believed to have been a presentation copy of the Folio), remarks, 'The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another'?*

Such were the pregnant thoughts that at this time suggested themselves to Mr. Donnelly. It must be remembered by those who now hear of his work for the first time that, owing to his long-standing conviction that the Plays were Bacon's work, the notion did not appear to his mind one of extraordinary audacity.

The following are instances of the four points referred to:—

(1) The *pagination* of this volume is as follows: The Comedies come first, and are paged consecutively to page 303. Then follow the Histories, beginning again at page 1. Page 100 sees the end of the text of *II. Henry IV.* Two then follow unnumbered. Then comes *Henry V.*, beginning suddenly on page 69. *Henry VIII.* ends on page 232, and is succeeded by *Troilus and Cressida*, the third page of which is numbered 79, and the fourth 80. Here the pagination abruptly ceases, the remaining twenty-five pages of the play following unnumbered. Then comes *Coriolanus*, starting afresh with page 1. Soon after the beginning of *Hamlet* page 156 is followed by page 257, and from this number the pagination proceeds consecutively to the end of the volume, except that the last page of all, which follows 398, is numbered 993.

* For this letter in full and its circumstances, see Holmes' *Authorship of Shakespeare*, pp. 172 ff. (3rd edition, New York, 1875).

(2) With respect to the *italics*, it must suffice here to quote one instance of their inconsistent use. Proper names are as a rule italicised, but sometimes, when no rational explanation for the change suggests itself, they appear in Roman type. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is to be found on page 56 of the Histories (*I. Henry IV.*). There the name 'Francis' occurs five times in italics and sixteen times in Roman letters.

(3) The irregularity in the use of *brackets* is well seen in comparing pages 70 and 71 and pages 72 and 73 of the Histories, in which occur respectively one and three bracketed words, with pages 74 and 75, immediately following, where there are eighty-six. For another example reference may be made to page 53 of the Comedies. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is here in progress, the page containing the end of Act iii. and the beginning of Act iv. A study of this page will give a good idea of the curious use both of italics and of brackets.

(4) *Hyphenation* is most irregular and unaccountable throughout the volume. For instance, in *I. Henry IV.*, Act ii., Scene 1 (page 53 in the Folio), Gadshill is made to remark—

> I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie.

Again, in *II. Henry IV.*, at the end of the Induction (page 74), we read—

> From *Rumours* Tongues
> They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs.*

On pages 74 (a two-thirds page) and 75 occur twenty-one hyphens; on the two preceding them, 72 and 73 (a half page), are five. (This is reckoned excluding six that occur at the end of the lines in prose diction on pages 72 and 73. There is no prose on 74 and 75.) How far the appearance of any of these is natural must be left to the judgment of each reader.

Mr. Donnelly was also struck with the strange use of capital letters. This needs no illustration to any one who has ever studied one page of the Folio carefully. Mr. Donnelly was, however, particularly interested in this matter from noticing the fact that in all the four places where the word 'Bacon' occurs in the Plays it is found with a capital letter.† It will be noticed that these four passages are all in close connection with scenes to which Mr. Donnelly's attention had been called through other peculiarities. Further research convinced him that in suspecting the capitals throughout the volume he had hit on a true light.‡

* There are none of these antics in the corresponding passages in the Quartos.

† The references are: *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1; *I. Henry IV.* ii. 1; *I. Henry IV.* ii. 2 (twice—once in the composition 'Bacon-fed').

‡ For the use of capitals in Shakespeare cf. the remarks of Mr. Allen Park Paton in his (Hamnet) edition of *Macbeth* (Edinburgh, 1877).

With a mind fully bent upon the discovery of a secret the existence of which he now considered proved, Mr. Donnelly commenced a series of laborious experiments in order to satisfy himself as to whether or not, and if so in what manner, the curious features which the Folio presents were connected with the cipher which he believed the Plays to contain. He writes to a correspondent in England—

> I counted up all these peculiarities and set myself to consider how they could be used as factors in the problem. After some experiments I obtained the following results: I found that in many cases where some remarkable word, such as 'St. Albans' or 'Bacon,' is in the text, that word is reached by multiplying the number of the page at which the scene begins by the number of italic words in the first column of that page.

For instance, on page 53 of the Histories (*I. Henry IV.*) there are seven italic words in the first column. $53 \times 7 = 371$. The 371st word is 'Bacon.' On page 67 (same play) the first column contains six words in italics. $67 \times 6 = 402$, and the 402nd word is 'St. Albans.'* These are two significant instances out of many given by Mr. Donnelly.

He seems to have found further encouragement in the fact that there are several individual pages in the volume in which more than one peculiarity of strong suggestiveness occurs, as though to attract the attention of the reader. Thus the page 53 just referred to contains, to start with, the strange hyphenation in Gadshill's speech, the word 'Bacon' with a capital letter, and 'Nicholas' twice. On the next page are found 'Exchequer' twice, 'Bacons,' and 'Bacon-fed,' and on page 52, in that portion of the page which is exactly opposite to Gadshill's speech on page 53, the words—

> And now I will unclasp a secret book,
> And to your quick-conceiving discontents
> I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
> As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
> As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.†

Mr. Donnelly considered this simile forced. It may appear so or not to others, but Mr. Donnelly states that subsequent researches have convinced him that it was only introduced to bring in the word 'Speare,' the latter half of 'Shakespeare.'

Again, on page 53 of the Comedies, already referred to as illustrative of the irregular use of brackets and italics, the word 'Bacon' is found in a most irrelevant scene in a most irrelevant pun, based on a story which is told, perhaps by Bacon himself, of his father, Sir

* The accuracy of these statements, as well as that of the others made by Mr. Donnelly and quoted here, may be verified by any one who can give an hour to the study of the Folio.

† The spelling &c. in this passage, being for this purpose unimportant, have been modernised. The last word appears as 'Speare.'

Nicholas.* This scene does not occur in the Quarto of 1602. Nor does what Mr. Donnelly terms the 'very forced and unnatural construction' on page 54, where the jealous Ford is made to strike himself on the forehead and cry 'peere-out, peere-out;' nor, again, the description on page 56 of Herne the Hunter, who

> shakes a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

The occurrence of these two words 'shakes' and 'peere' under these circumstances is also among the observations which in the mass have been so much encouragement to Mr. Donnelly.

It will now be seen that his researches proceeded upon a rule based on the mutual relations of the paging, the brackets, the italics, and the hyphens of the Folio text. This implies that these irregularities were inserted in manuscript for reproduction in the text, and that the proofs of the latter must have been submitted to their author for correction at the risk of rendering necessary a re-setting of a large portion of the type. This is a tremendous assumption indeed, but even for this there is something to be said. In the first place, the corrections would amount to nothing more than the addition or deletion of one or two hyphens or brackets, in case there was a word too few or too many in the page or the column; and in the second place Mr. Donnelly is content to wait until the publication of the Cipher with its workings and results will reduce this consideration from the rank of an objection to that of an eternal source of amazement. That this would be the case in the event of his establishing the genuine nature of his assertions seems clear, for that the Cipher should be true is not impossible, while that a continuous story should be mathematically worked out of the Plays by means of a consistent use of a non-existent Cipher is, by any known or conjectured law of chances, plainly out of the question.

With respect to this matter of the addition and deletion of hyphens &c. in the proof sheets, an examination of the text will show that these do not really present the difficulties that at first appear inevitable. Hyphens might have been inserted between words which have such an original connection that their typographical junction would not create suspicion to the ordinary reader; this is

* *Apophthegms*, S., E., & H., vol. vii. p. 185:—'Sir Nicholas Bacon being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, and having brought his trials that came before him to such a pass as the passing of sentence on malefactors, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing that he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."' It is of no importance whether or not the anecdote is given by Bacon himself.

rendered more likely by the fact that words in some cases appear so joined in one place while in another they stand separate, as 'fore-tells,' 'first-born,' 'death-bed.' It seldom happens that the necessities of the case produce such striking irregularities as that quoted above from the Induction to *II. Henry IV.*, where the words are the last of their page, as if the corrector had been on this occasion hard driven to make the numbers come right. An italic more or less can be secured by adding or omitting once the name of the interlocutor. Brackets are not so easily managed, and hence the more noticeable is their arbitrary use.

Mr. Donnelly reports other extraordinary discoveries. Agamemnon's speech containing the reference to the 'Masticke' jaws of Thersites (*Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3.) does not appear in the Quarto, but is in the Folio inserted in the middle of the speech of Ulysses. This word commentators have generally altered into 'mastiff.' Mr. Donnelly assures us that it forms part of the word 'satire-o-masticke.' In the description of Falstaff's death in *Henry V.*, ii. 3, the Folio reading (p. 75 of the Histories) is 'for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields.' (This passage does not appear in the Quarto.) Theobald's emendation is now generally accepted—'and 'a babbled of green fields.' Mr. Donnelly declares, 'There was a necessity to speak in that sentence of the word "table," and it had to be dragged in whether it destroyed sense or not.' * 'I have found,' he says 'scores of other instances where the sense and the words were so twisted to bring in the Cipher story, and in many cases the necessities of the Cipher compelled Bacon to make his characters talk nonsense in passages that have puzzled commentators from that day to this.'

The above is an outline of what Mr. Donnelly has up to the present thought it safe to make known with reference to the origin and progress of the work of deciphering. It certainly is not much, but for reasons already given he declares that he cannot yet publish the whole rule. People must wait until he is out of danger of being forestalled, in the meantime taking what he says on trust.

The multiples are, he writes, not the most important part of the Cipher. They do not bring the words out in their order. The transposed words have to be rearranged in proper order according to another system, which it took him two more years to discover. When the rule is published, it will prove 'to be so simple and clear that any one with a reprint of the Folio can decipher the Plays for himself.' † To his correspondent in England he writes enthusiastically—

* It is, however, considered not improbable that 'mastiff' and 'babbled,' or 'talked,' were the words originally written, and that Bacon foresaw that commentators would easily hit upon them.

† Besides the large and expensive reproductions, there is one in reduced facsimile

It is a most marvellous piece of work. The ingenuity used in constructing it is as great a subject of wonder to me as the genius manifested in the Plays has been to the world. . . . He seems to have written it, as it were, reckless of the trouble it would give him to work the words into the Plays—that is, *the Plays were bent and twisted to conform to the Cipher, not the Cipher to the Plays.*

Later :—

I find it almost hopeless to attempt to give you a due impression of the marvellous nature of this Cipher. You, however, if any one can, will be able to conceive the marvellous ingenuity, versatility, wittiness, and patience which are here revealed to our contemplation, Bacon's ingenuity and nimbleness of mind were a thousand times greater than his genius, though that genius was the vastest and profoundest ever known in the world. . . . It was to these Plays that Bacon alluded when he spoke of the 'pinnacle of human industry.'

This is strong language with a vengeance, but it must be remembered under the influence of what circumstances Mr. Donnelly was writing.

Again :—

As I work the marvel grows upon me, how any human brain could have been ingenious enough to construct such a wonderful mosaic work. These Plays (I think I told you before) are that 'pinnacle of human industry' to which Bacon alludes, enigmatically, in his acknowledged writings, when he asks that the reader 'will not be appalled by them' (I quote from memory), 'considering the great experience that was had.' . . . The publication of the Cipher and my work will place Bacon upon an unapproachable height in human estimation, as not only the first of men, intellectually, but, as *you* know, with a vast gap between him and the second.

In another letter he refers to the slowness of the process :—

It cannot be hastily or perfunctorily performed : the miscounting of a word, the reckoning of a hyphen too little or of a letter too much will throw out the count for pages and break the thread of discovery.

In another he writes :—

I know that it is hard to believe that one set of writings could be made the vehicle of another set, but the character of the age must be remembered, an age of tyranny and suppression ; and we must remember too the extraordinary character of the mind that wrote the Plays—a mind not to be measured by any ordinary standard of ability or industry.

A very interesting part of his correspondence is that in which he speaks of the results of the application of the Cipher rule to the text :—

At first, as you know, I expected no more than to find written into the Plays (perhaps a word on a page) a brief statement that Francis Bacon was their author. But as I went on the Cipher grew under my hands until I found it to be a complete and elaborate narrative, perfect in all its parts, minute in detail ; containing not only a statement of facts, but a description of his own feelings in the midst of the

---

published by Chatto & Windus, with an introduction by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, price *7s. 6d.*

great troubles and dangers which surrounded him. . . . Beginning, as I chanced to do, upon the Plays of the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, I found myself plunged into the middle of the Cipher story. You know how indignant Elizabeth was at the excitement and interest caused by the performance of the play of *Richard II.* . . .

Upon the subject of this play, the circumstances of the production of which are of such great importance to 'Baconians,' he has fortunately much to say; but this is concerned with such a wide subject, that it cannot be entered upon here.

The Cipher story, he tells us, after treating of Essex's plots against the Cecils, proceeds to a minute and detailed account of Robert Cecil's jealousy of his cousin Francis Bacon and his detection of the drift and authorship of the Plays, of his confiding his suspicions to the Queen, and of the complications that ensued. On this point Mr. Donnelly has written at length to his friend in this country, quoting in full the graphic description in the Cipher of the exciting events that took place, in which Shakespeare, Burleigh, Bacon himself, and his faithful servant Harry Percy are the chief actors. This last-named person occupies a very prominent position throughout the Cipher story; he seems to have been admitted to the greatest intimacy with his master, and to have thoroughly deserved the confidence reposed in him. Shakespeare's character, antecedents, and career are dwelt upon at some length. With the utmost detail is recorded how the Queen ordered him to be arrested, and, if necessary, racked to divulge the name of the real author, and how Bacon managed to save the disclosure. It is, writes Mr. Donnelly, a wonderful story

how Bacon sent his faithful friend-servant to find Shakespeare and to get him to fly the country when the Queen gave orders for his arrest. Percy's disguise of himself; how he stooped down and embraced Bacon for the last time, as he was about to start on his mare (note the minute details) from the orchard at St. Albans; how he comforted him and told him that he would save him, Bacon meanwhile standing in the darkness and listening to the dull beats of the hoofs of his horse on the hard ground as he receded. His fondness for Percy's faithful and cheerful spirit, his feeling that only the errand of that one true man stood between him and the greatest disgrace and shame, &c. &c. The internal story will be found to be as thrilling and as absorbing and as powerfully rendered as the Plays themselves. . . . The interview between Percy and Shakespeare takes place at Stratford in the presence of Shakespeare's wife and daughter. It is told with the utmost detail. The whole Shakespeare family is described, his young brother Edmund, his daughter Susanna, his wife, his sister. The very supper bill of fare is given, and a very mean one it was—'*dried cakes, mouldie and ancient*,' roast mutton far advanced in decomposition, the odour of which *perfumed* the room, bitter beer and worse Bordeaux stuff. The smell of the meal took away the dandy Percy's appetite. He told Shakespeare that the Queen's officers were after him, to arrest him as the nominal author of *Richard II.*, which represented the murder and deposition of the King, and which was held to be an incentive to treason. Shakespeare, Percy said, must fly to Holland or Scotland, and there abide until the storm blew over. Thereupon Shakespeare became violently abusive of Bacon—'Master Francis' he calls him—for getting him into such a scrape. '*He is*, says Percy, '*the foul-mouthedst rascal in England.*' Shakespeare declares that he will confess,

the truth and clear his own skirts. Thereupon came the first anti-Baconian argument. It is the parent of all later ones. Percy told Shakespeare (not, probably, as a fact, but as a threat, and to drive him from the country, so as to save Bacon's exposure) that 'Master Francis' would deny the authorship, and that the world would surely believe him and not Shakespeare. For who, says Percy, 'could conceive of one man putting the immortal glory of the Plays on the shoulders of another? Did not Shakespeare bear his blushing honours through all the disreputable houses of London? Did he not profit by the Plays? Was he not transformed in new silk and feathers, and looked upon in the low society in which he shone as the one who wrote the Plays? The Queen would ask, "*Why kept'st thou silence so long?*"' and much more to the same purpose. So you see there is nothing new under the sun. Harry Percy anticipated all the anti-Baconian arguments by nearly two hundred and ninety years.

After other passages of a kindred nature Mr. Donnelly sums up as follows:—

If the Cipher were nothing more than the internal history of the Plays and of Bacon's life it would be intensely interesting; but it is more than that: it is the history of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, with all its plots and conspiracies and their effects on great historical events. As I take it, it is Bacon's appeal to posterity, and his impalement, for all the ages, of those who had so cruelly suppressed and persecuted and humiliated him. A terrible revenge! the gall and bitterness of a tortured life embalmed in poetry and the merriment of comedies. He was not only a Creator, like Providence, but, like Providence, he left his veins of secret meaning running hidden through the texture of his work. . . .

Mr. Donnelly is not unaware of the obvious objections to his demanding credence for a statement not supported by more evidence than is here produced. The reticence which in self-defence he is at present compelled to preserve will, he recognises, be held up as a proof that his assertions are one vast fraud. These suspicions he must for the present be content to undergo; but, though positive evidence must for a short time longer be withheld, he writes on this subject from another standpoint:—

Why should I assert that I have found such a Cipher—not a hop-skip-and-jump Cipher, but a mathematically accurate rule—if I have *not?* I ask no money from any one. If I published a book that was a fraud or a delusion, the few copies which might be sold before the truth was discovered would surely not compensate me for the everlasting shame and ridicule which would fall upon me. Can any one believe that I would concoct a deliberate lie, which only a few months would explode? And for what? Not for notoriety; I have enough of that already. Is it to be believed that I would imperil whatever little honour I may have gained by my exceptionally successful books *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok** by a pretended claim to a great discovery?†

With this the public must for the present be contented—or discontented. They will probably not have to wait long for the full exposition which will ensue upon his arrival in England. He is expected here within a few weeks, but the exact time must depend upon the amount of progress he is able to make with his work.

* These two most fascinating books are now in their twelfth and sixth editions respectively.

I hold no brief for the 'Baconians.' The above is not an enunciation of their position. As before stated, their belief is not grounded upon this discovery. Though it is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Donnelly's contribution, which will to the general public appear of less force, standing as it does here by itself, I have been anxious not to introduce any of the evidence upon which the Society's conviction rests. Nor have any of the *à priori* objections to the theory been adduced, not from any want of recognition of their number and force, but because against them are arrayed the publications containing the rudiments of the movement, which are available in England.

To the Cipher alone the foregoing pages have been confined. Consequently it is due to the 'Baconians' to point out that those not conversant with the rest of their evidence will not only not have learnt from the above any fair notion of the nature of their belief, but also will hardly be able to approach this phase of the movement in the same spirit of preparedness as they would otherwise bring to its consideration.

PERCY M. WALLACE.

[*Nineteenth Century*.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.*

A discussion, in which many eminent persons took part, was lately held with a view to finding an answer to the question, "What hundred books are the best?" It would have been more profitable for us had we been advised how to read any one of the hundred; for what, indeed, does it matter whether we read the best books or the worst, if we lack the power or the instinct or the skill by which to reach the heart of any of them? Books for most readers are, as Montaigne says, "a languid pleasure;" and so they must be, unless they become living powers, with a summons or a challenge for our spirit, unless we embrace them or wrestle with them.

Now if some of those who have proved their power of getting to the heart of great books were to tell us of their craft or their art or their method, we should listen with interest and attention; and if we were to compare method with method, we could not fail to learn something worth learning. One would like to know, for example, the process by which Sainte-Beuve dealt with an author; how he made his advances; how he invested and beleaguered his author; how he sapped up to him, and drew his parallels and zigzags of approach; how he stormed the breach and made the very citadel his own. We have heard of the secret of Hegel; but it is not Hegel alone who has a secret. Every great writer has a secret of his own, and this is none the less difficult to discover because the great writer made no effort at concealment. An open secret is as securely guarded as any, like Poe's purloined letter, which was invisible because it was obviously exposed upon the mantelpiece. Every great writer has his secret, and there are some writers who seem to cherish their secret and constantly to elude us, just at the moment of capture; and these, perhaps, are the most fascinating of all, endlessly to be pursued. Who, for example, has ever really laid hold of Shakespeare? He is still abroad, and laughs at our attempts to capture or surprise him. If some fine interpreter of literature would but explain to us how he lays hand on and overmasters the secret of his author, we should feel like boys receiving their lessons in woodcraft from an old

* In this article I have said nothing of the historical study of literature and its interpretation through the general movements of the life and mind of nations.

hunter—and we are all hunters, skilful or skilless, in literature—hunters for our spiritual good or for our pleasure. How to stalk our stag of ten; how to get round to the windward of him; how to creep within range; how to bring him down while he glances forth with startled eye (yet does he not always elude us?); yes, and how to dismember him and cart him home (but is he not far away, filling the glades with ironical uproar?)—in all this it is that we should like to be instructed by some experienced ranger of the woods.

We speak of the interpretation of literature; and it may be asked, is not literature itself an interpretation—an interpretation of external nature and of the nature of man? Why, then, should we speak of an interpretation of that which itself interprets, an interpretation of an interpretation? And persons who talk in this way are also likely to say that a work of literature—a poem, suppose—which does not explain itself is not worth explaining. But literature is more than an interpretation of external nature and of human life; it is a revelation of the widening possibilities of human life, of finer modes of feeling, dawning hopes, new horizons of thought, a broadening faith and unimagined ideals. Moreover, every great original writer brings into the world an absolutely new thing—his own personality, with its unique mode of envisaging life and nature; and in each of us he creates a new thing—a new nerve of feeling or a new organ of thought; a new conception of life, or a new thrill of emotion. We sometimes call him by even a higher name than revealer; we call him a maker or creator. The ideal world in which we live and move and have our being—a world in the most literal sense as real as the material universe—is indeed in great part the handiwork of man the creator. By countless generations of men this world of thoughts and hopes and fears and joys and loves has been brought into existence, and it is still in process of creation. To reveal or to create this world every great thinker, every great artist has helped in an appreciable degree. It is inhabited by noble creatures—men and women—Achilles, Odysseus, Prometheus, Oedipus, Helen, Antigone, the Socrates of Plato, the two explorers of the circles of Hell and the mount of Purgatory, Don Quixote on Rosinante, Hamlet, Imogen, Cordelia, Falstaff, Prospero—all born of the brain of man the creator. That we should understand the facts and the laws of this ideal world is surely little less important to us than that we should measure the courses of the planets or explore the universe that lies in a drop of stagnant water.

Now if literature be part of a gradually opening revelation or creation from man's spirit, it is easy to understand how it should need to be interpreted. It cannot be comprehended all in a moment; its widening horizons can hardly be recognized. The

light of a new truth, coming suddenly upon us, blears our eyes. Seeing, we see, and do not perceive; hearing, we hear, and do not understand. A great point is gained when men acknowledge that something has indeed come before them, though what it is they cannot tell; when they see men as trees walking; when they know that a voice has spoken to them, though it be as the voice of a trumpet, the words of which they cannot understand. At first with most men the revealer can do no more than this; whatever he utters must be for them at first a dark saying or a parable. The majority of men are slow to apprehend new truths, are slow to become sensitive to new feelings. They require to have these things demonstrated and brought home to them. Or, if they try to take things up at once, they take them up, as we say, by the wrong handle, and get no good of them. But time alone is needed, with a serious effort on the part of each man to interpret things to and for himself, using in that effort whatever aid he can obtain from his fellows, who may happen to be better qualified than he to come at the meaning of the widening revelation. A great writer never fails ultimately to become his own interpreter; only this may need much time—perhaps the lifetime of a generation of men. And thus it is quite right to say that a poem which does not explain itself is not worth explaining; only we should add that it sometimes needs twenty, thirty, forty years to explain itself to the mass of men, and that for a long period it may be able to explain itself only to a few chosen disciples.

The professional interpreters of literature, as a class, do not help us much. These are the scribes of literature, who expound the law from their pulpits in the reviews, weekly, monthly, quarterly. The word "critic" by its derivation means a judge rather than an interpreter, and the function assumed by these ministers of literature resembles that of a magistrate on the bench. Now a crew of disorderly persons, often of the frailer sex, each of whom, more perhaps through weakness than wickedness, has been guilty of bringing into the world a novel in three volumes; now a company of abashed and shivering poetlings, each charged with the crime of having uttered counterfeit verse, comes before his worship the reviewer, who lightly dismisses some with a caution, and sentences others to public laughter and the stocks during a week. And the sad thing is that though instances have been known in which a poetaster reformed and became a respectable citizen, the female novelist, having once erred, is lost to all sense of shame, and inevitably appears before the bench again and again, once at least in every six months during the period of her natural life. We need this police and magistracy of literature, and we may cheerfully admit that, unless bribed by friendship or malice, they do in the

main truly and indifferently administer justice of a rough-and-ready kind.

But, if in the company of petty poetical offenders there happen to be one true prophet—a Shelley, a Wordsworth, a Keats—the chances are that his worship the reviewer, hearing the evidence against him, and being addressed by the prisoner in an unknown tongue, for which no interpreter can be found in the court or in the city, will, with irritated patience, sentence him to the stocks for seven days, which under no circumstances can do much harm, and which may teach him the advantage of learning to speak plain English. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, Whitman—each in his day has stood in the stocks, and every fool has been free to throw a cabbage-stump or a rotten egg at the convicted culprit. In the case of some of these, perhaps, the sufferings of their late apotheosis have been more severe than the light affliction of their early martyrdom.

When we inquire what were the obstacles that hindered or delayed the recognition of such writers as these, and turn to the utterances of the critics who gave expression to the popular thought or sentiment, we find the accusation of obscurity a constant part of the indictment drawn up against them. The poet has been well termed "a pioneer of beauty," and he may also be a pioneer of passion and of thought. But nothing is more unintelligible, nothing looks more like affectation, folly or downright madness than enthusiasm for ideals of beauty which the world has not as yet learned to accept. If we were asked to name a poem of this century, the beauty of which now imposes itself inevitably on every reader, we might well name Coleridge's *Christabel*. But to the *Edinburgh* Reviewer *Christabel* was "a mixture of raving and drivelling;" and he goes on to suggest that the author of the poem may possibly be under medical treatment for insanity. "A more senseless, absurd and stupid composition," wrote another critic, "has scarcely of late years issued from the press." If we were asked to name the highest poets of the middle of the eighteenth century, we should instantly name Collins and Gray. And of Collins, the great eighteenth-century critic, Johnson, wrote, "The grandeur of wildness and the novelty of extravagance were always desired by him, but were not always attained;" and he specifies the faults of "harshness and obscurity" as characteristic of Collins. "My process," he writes contemptuously in his life of Gray "has now brought me to the *wonderful* 'wonder of wonders,' the two sister odes [*The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*], by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense, at first, universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those

that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of *The Progress of Poetry*." The same accusation of obscurity, coupled with the accusation of childish simplicity and puerility, was brought a generation later against the leader of the reaction against Gray's poetical style. In Johnson's place now stood Jeffrey, as the representative of critical taste, judgment and sagacity. And Jeffrey was a critic of no ordinary powers; a quick and keen understanding, great versatility of mind, a certain enthusiasm for literary beauty, much wit and fancy, a brilliant manner of setting forth his ideas—these were Jeffrey's gifts. In 1807 appeared two little volumes containing some of the noblest poetry of Wordsworth, his loftiest sonnets, his most radiant and profound poems of Nature, some of his most pathetic renderings of human passion. The collection closed with his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, "beyond doubt," said the *Edinburgh* Reviewer, "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication. We can pretend to give no analysis or explanation of it." Four years later the critic of the *Literary Register* lamented the "incomprehensible system of poetry" which was the ruling power in these two volumes of verse; Mr. Wordsworth's "drivelling nonsense" was better "calculated to excite disgust and anger" than anything the critic had ever seen. In other words, the poetry of Wordsworth brought a new thing into English literature, and its speech was at first an utterance in an unknown tongue. In 1816 was published the first high achievement of Shelley's adult years, *Alastor*. The *Monthly Review* condescended to notice the slender octavo and pronounced it absolutely unintelligible. "We entreat Mr. Shelley," the critic wrote, "for the sake of his reviewers as well as of his other readers (if he has any) to subjoin to his next publication an *ordo*, a glossary and copious notes illustrative of his allusions and explanatory of his meaning." Seventeen years later the earliest of Mr. Browning's dramatic monologues, *Pauline*, appeared. A copy fell into the hands of John Stuart Mill, then a young man and known as a literary critic. Struck by its originality and power, he wrote to the editor of the magazine to which he was a contributor, requesting that he might be allowed to review the poem in the next number. The editor replied that unluckily it had been already reviewed. On turning to the criticism of *Pauline* Mr. Mill found that it had at least the merit of brevity, for it was contained in a single line: "*Pauline*, a piece of pure bewilderment." Only within the last two or three years has the charge of unintelligible obscurity brought against Mr. Browning been silently dropped; and now we are in the most correct fashion if we express surprise that any one should ever have delayed perplexed in the tangle of the

most involved period of "Sordello." The whirligig of time, in the course of half a century, has brought in its revenge.

When we hear this accusation of obscurity brought against a great writer we may remember a word of Goethe: "He who would reproach an author with obscurity, ought first to make an examination of himself, to be sure that he is inwardly clear. A very clear hand may not be legible by twilight." In other words, do you yourself bring light or darkness to the study of the author? do you bring attention, clearness and energy of mind, a patient receptive spirit, a readiness to respond to what is admirable even though it be strange?—for with all these you bring light, and without them you bring darkness, or at least a shadow.

A second accusation, sometimes justly but often recklessly advanced, which tells with great effect for a time against a certain class of poets and artists, is the accusation of immorality. If it can be coupled with the charge of obscurity it tells with double force.

Instead of obscurity, the less courteous word "nonsense" is often employed, and if it can be represented that the poet invites his reader to partake not merely of a dish of clotted nonsense, but also of nonsense which is poisonous, a twofold motive is supplied for turning away from what he offers.

Now this accusation of immorality, as brought against a great writer, may be wholly false, or it may be true in some respects, but false in being advanced absolutely and without qualification. The entire tendency of a writer may be towards righteousness, and he may be reviled as an immoral writer. Or, what more frequently happens, his dominant influence on character may be potent for good, but on certain side issues he may be ethically unsound; these are detached from the whole and are represented as central. A writer who brings to his age some new and precious gift, some quickening of moral sensibility, some reinforcement in spiritual faith and spiritual passion, is peculiarly exposed to this reproach. We find it hard to conceive, and yet it is a fact, that to the early *Edinburgh* Reviewers the writings of Southey and Wordsworth seemed dangerous in their moral tendency. Where, asked the guardian of public morals in the *Edinburgh Review*, did the Lake School find its inspiration? Primarily in the anti-social and distempered sensibility of Rousseau, his discontent with the present constitution of society, his paradoxical morality, and his perpetual hankering after some unattainable state of voluptuous virtue and perfection. Discontent with the present constitution of society—that was the high crime of Wordsworth and Southey in their following of Rousseau, and to be virtuous means to be satisfied with things as they are. So it was also with Charles Kingsley when he pub-

lished his "Yeast;" the little leaven of Christian socialism might possibly leaven the whole lump of society. With the eager anger which inflames celestial minds, the *Guardian*, representing orthodox English churchmanship, flung against Kingsley its vile accusations of profligacy and heresy. "It is the countenance the writer gives to the worst tendencies of the day," so wrote the *Guardian* reviewer, "and the manner in which he conceals loose morality in a dress of high-sounding and philosphical phraseology, which calls for plain and decided condemnation." But immorality may be of many kinds, and to be a child of the devil, if we may trust the derivation of that name of the father of lies, is before all else to be a false accuser. The truth indeed is great, and will prevail; but sometimes the lie does not rot until its work is done, and the truth prevails too late,

"When none cares whether it prevail or not."

Perhaps the most grievous wrong is done when the accusation has a fragment of truth to countenance it. Such was the case with the charge of immorality so persistently brought against the poetry of Shelley. Setting aside the crude work of his boyhood, there is undoubtedly in Shelley's writings an element of unsound thinking, derived in the main from the teaching of Godwin's "Political Justice," which may be fairly termed immoral. To be unjust to the past out of which we have grown is immoral, and to the eighteen hundred years of Christendom Shelley is constantly unjust. It is the part of impiety to think scorn of our heritage from the ages which have helped us to whatever we possess of wisdom and generous passion, and the power of high resolve; and Shelley's gaze was so ardently fixed upon the future, and so dazzled by the vision of things yet to be, that he could not estimate aright the precious increment of good received from many generations of men. But the central influence of Shelley's poetry was on the side of justice, charity, beauty, truth. He, more than most other writers, inspires his reader with an unquenchable aspiration after ideals of beauty, love, gentleness, truth, justice, purity. And it was his special glory to have kept in vital relation with the spiritual forces issuing from the last century, and full of constructive power for modern society, at a period characterized all over Europe by terror and base reaction.

Let us remember that a chief function of the poet is to free, to arouse, to dilate the consciousness of his reader. True to the abiding laws of morality, he is often compelled to revolt against the temporary moral conventions of the Scribe or the Pharisee, for whom the quickening truth has hardened into a crust of tradition, which impedes all free growth and movement. It is his part to be through his finer sympathies and through his imagination a moral

pioneer, discovering new duties of the heart, or hand, or head. But to quicken a new life in men, he is sometimes compelled to wage war against a morality which has stiffened into mere routine. In every epoch when the moral ardour of man has been roused, and a vigorous movement initiated in favour of a higher or a wider conception of human life, the reformers have had to face the reproach of removing ancient landmarks—which indeed they do—and of endangering the settled order of society. We can easily conceive how dangerous to virtue the doctrines of Christianity must have appeared to an old Roman moralist—how vulgar and popular must have appeared the new emotional movement. And it sometimes may happen that the reformers, though rendering a high service to humanity, are driven, in this direction or in that, by the pressure of the ideas forcing them forward, or by the exaltation of their own enthusiasm, beyond the bounds; they are human instruments of high truths, and it were strange if they did not mingle an element of infirmity and error with what they achieve. Our duty towards them in such a case is to recognize the error, to condemn it, to forgive the erring mortal, and to remain loyal to him and his cause. Thus at the present moment, should we see a woman of pure and courageous heart widening, by life or by literature, the accepted ideal of woman's part in the world, and asserting her right to spend her treasures of love and devotion in the attempt to check or remove some of the foul wrongs and injuries and unwholesome sores of humanity, and should she be betrayed, in life or in literature, into error or excess through generous zeal, or the pressure of her convictions, we must judge that error or excess severely and condemn it sternly, and forgive it freely, and remain true to our new reformer and the cause which she, encumbered with weakness, represents.

Let us then understand that these two reproaches brought against an original writer—the reproach of obscurity and the reproach of immorality—may in fact signify that he offers some precious gift of thought or passion to the world, which as yet the world is unwilling to receive. Mr. Mill, in his essay on Alfred de Vigny, contrasted admirably two types of poet or artist—the Conservative poet and the Movement poet. The Conservative poet, resting his inventions on the broad basis of a settled faith, the broad basis laid by the past, will attain, with little struggle if he be a man of high powers and rich human sympathy, a high level of excellence, and he may receive an immediate and wide recognition. Such was Walter Scott. The Movement poet is in some respects more fortunate. He wings his way towards radiant apparitions of faiths, hopes, charities, whose feet have not yet touched the earth. Borne forward with aspiring courage, he may soar straight and high, but also he may be

caught in tempestuous gales too strong for him, and be whirled he knows not where. Such a writer is peculiarly exposed to the accusations of obscurity and immorality; and it is quite possible that for lack of the safeguards of organized social life, from which perhaps he has been unjustly cast forth as a rebel, now and again failing of his radiant heights, and baffled and dispirited, he may in fact sink below the level on which they tread safe, who have no wings to soar.

An immense and sudden popularity can belong only to the writer who interprets into art the settled feelings and established convictions of his time, or to him who stands at the head of some large advancing movement already organized. It can never belong, at the outset, to one who goes forward alone as a pioneer. And popularity, of course, may be suddenly attained by the charlatan or the lucky retailer of moral platitudes. From count of copies sold we cannot determine whether the fortunate author be a Tupper or a Scott. But there is one indication of the presence of some exceptional quality of genius which never fails. We can point to no writer who drew early to his side a small band of eminent disciples, and at the same time suffered shame and scoffing or total neglect from the crowd, who did not in the end prove a power in literature, and gradually win acceptance from the world. Such was Wordsworth's position in the opening years of our century; such a little later was Shelley's position. Such was Carlyle's half a century since, and Mr. Browning's at a date more recent. Such also was Mr. Whitman's position until of late, when a considerable company has gathered to his side and the voice of opposition has almost fallen silent.

Now, if any one of us be drawn towards a great writer, and resolve that in spite of obstacles he will interpret, for his own use or that of others, the writer's meaning or message, the first thing to attend to is this—that the author and his work be regarded as a whole bearing on life as a whole.* Our prime object should be to get into living relation with a man; and by his means, with the good forces of Nature and humanity which play in and through him. This aim condemns at once all reading for pride and vain-glory as wholly astray, and all reading for scholarship and specialized knowledge as partial and insufficient. We must read not for these, but for *life*; we must read in order to live. Only let us bear in mind that in order to live our best life we do not chiefly need advice, direction, instruction (though these also may be put to use); we need above all an access of power rightly directed. And hence we must guard against a growth of a spirit which is perpetually

* I borrow a phrase from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who writes in his essay on "The Choice of books": "There is this stamp upon every stroke of eighteenth-century work —the habit of regarding things as wholes bearing on life as a whole."

craving the didactic, or narrowing power into preaching. There are many great works of literature and art from which we learn little or nothing, at least consciously or in set term and phrase; but we go to them as a swimmer goes to the sea. We enter bodily, and breast the waves, and laugh and are glad, and come forth renewed and saturated with the breeze and the brine, a sharer in the free and boundless vitality of our lover, the sea. We have won health and vigour, although the sea has only sung its mysterious choral song, and the waves have clapped their hands around us, nor has ocean once straitened his lips to utter a little maxim or a moral sentence. And with such writers we may be trustful and generous, and put aside the petty spiritual prudence which it is well that we should make use of when we go to one who is chiefly a teacher. Such an oceanic writer as Shakespeare or Goethe may contain within his vastness some things that belong to the rankness and garbage of the earth; but so antiseptic is his large and free vitality, played upon by the sun and breeze, so wholesome is his invigorating saltness, that we may dash fearlessly across the breakers, and quit his sands and shallows for a gleeful adventure in the deep.

We are often instructed to enter on the study of a great writer in a spirit of reverence, and this is well said when it means that we should be neither impertinent nor impatient; but it is ill said if it tend to foster in us the spirit of hero-worship. Approach a great writer rather in the spirit of cheerful and fruitful fraternity; this is better than hero-worship; and do homage only to the eternal laws of Nature or of God. The great master is better pleased to find a brother than a worshipper or a serf; and only to a brother, no matter though he be a younger brother, will he lay bare his heart. Surely the master has no particular affection for the idolatrous coterie that reprints his worst verses, with a monograph on the number of occasions on which he turned the loops of his y's and g's to left or right. This is neither literature nor life, but pedantry and puerility. It was not because Carlyle was a hero-worshipper that he wrote so admirably of Burns and Johnson; it was because he found in each a brother-man, and took the hand of each in the close grasp of fraternity. If any author or artist lead us to a dim shrine, and bid us bow before the idol of himself, he secludes and shuts us in from what is larger and better than himself; but indeed what a great writer desires and will do for us, if we permit him, is to bring us forth into the sun and air, and give us strength and courage to enjoy them, and wisdom to go our way, cheerful wanderers over a wide earth under an open heaven.

Approaching a great writer in this spirit of courageous and affectionate fraternity, we need all our forces and all our craft for the friendly encounter. If we love ease and lethargy, let us turn in good time and fly. The interpretation of literature, like the interpretation

of Nature is no mere record of facts; it is no catalogue of the items which make up a book—such catalogues and analyses of contents encumber our histories of literature with some of their dreariest pages. The interpretation of literature exhibits no series of dead items, but rather the life and power of one mind at play upon another mind duly qualified to receive and manifest these. Hence, one who would interpret the work of a master must summon up all his powers, and must be alive at as many points as possible. He who approaching his author as a whole, bearing upon life as a whole, is himself alive at the greatest possible number of points, will be the best and truest interpreter. For he will grasp what is central, and at the same time will be sensitive to the value of all details, which details he will perceive not isolated, but in connection with one another and with the central life to which they belong and from which they proceed.

In the first stage of approach, however, the critic, while all the time full of athletic force, must cunningly assume a passive aspect, and to do so he must put restraint upon his own vivacity and play of mind. His aim is now to obtain a faithful impression of the object. His second movement of mind will be one of recoil and resilience, whereby having received a pure impression of the object, he tries to surprise and lay hold of the power which has produced that impression. And these are the two chief processes of the critical spirit in literature. To make a pure observation or receive a faithful impression calls for a strenuous patience, and a disinterestedness that are rare. "Receptiveness," George Eliot has said, "is a rare and massive power like fortitude." "We are so ready," says Goethe, "to mix up our own imaginations, opinions, judgments, with what comes under our notice, that we do not long retain the quiet position of observers." The peculiar difficulty in the study of literature and art of observing the object purely arises from the fact that in making the observation it is not merely the intellect which is employed, but also the emotions. We must not only see accurately, but feel vividly and truly. Of what value, for example, were any observation of a lyric of Shelley's, unless we recognize the peculiar delight which it excites? And in order to do this, we must feel that delight vividly and aright. But the moment our emotions are called into play we cease to be guided by the dry light of intellect; a personal factor enters to disturb our calculations. If only we could be an instrument of rich tone and ample compass, perfectly in tune, on which the poet might play, capable of rendering back with faultless vibration the meaning of his every touch. This some of us can never be, or anything resembling this. In matters of art and literature there is an election of grace. The poet, it is said, is born, not made; he is in fact both born and made. The lover of literature is also born—born with a

finer sensitiveness than other men, and Pope was in the right when he said of poet and critic:

> "Both must alike from hev'n derive their light,
> These born to judge, as well as those to write."

But happily the gift of a capacity to enjoy what is beautiful is widely distributed, and where it exists in any degree much can be done to develop the capacity. In a very rare and high degree, however, the gift of natural sensitiveness is not common; and where it is intense in quality it is sometimes limited in range. To feel widely and at the same time to feel exquisitely is an exceptional gift. From those who lie open to only a few impressions, and who respond to those few impressions with peculiar intensity, arise the sects and heresies of literature and art—unless indeed they acknowledge their own limited range, and put their gift to wisest use. But as the sects and heresies in religion have often been witnesses at a particular time for a neglected truth, so also have been the sects and heresies in art and literature. What constitutes their doctrine a heresy is not the portion of truth which it possesses, but the falsehood which substitutes the lesser truth for the greater, or a part for the whole. They gather around some master—never one of universal power, but a master of narrow range and exquisite gift—and they call themselves after his name, and make his special qualities their standard of judgment. They are fastidious, and fastidiousness always means the presence of a narrow, intense sensibility, lacking the larger and more generous passions which arise from rich sensitiveness to the chief sources of emotion in human life. And even of exquisiteness and subtlety, the very highest kind is attained only through that larger and richer sensibility. The Venus of Melos is not only freer and nobler than the newest and most adored ingenuity of the Grosvenor Gallery, but her beauty is finer, subtler, and more exquisite.

Those who feel sanely and nobly in matters of literature and art keep themselves in vital relation with the great facts and laws of life and Nature, and refuse to immure themselves in any monastery of art, or of so-called culture. And the great facts and laws of life and Nature they find made visible and vocal in the highest works of the universal masters of all ages and lands. In keeping close to Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe, we keep close not to literature merely but to life. With them we are in the great highway of life; with them we rock in no sequestered bay, but cross Atlantic and Pacific Seas. If therefore we would exclude, as far as possible, a personal disturbing element in our recognition and judgment of literature and art, and also exclude the prejudices and partialities of the sects and schools, we shall do well to keep constantly in the company of some one of the universal writers,

which means keeping in relation to the great facts and laws of life as rendered most truly and nobly into literature. Thus we shall be members of the One Catholic Church of literature, and shall run small risk of being seduced by the allurement of any sect or heresy, for indeed we shall be able to recognize and appropriate for a catholic purpose whatever neglected truth the sect or heresy may proclaim. If we are faithful children of this Catholic Church of literature and art, it will not greatly matter who may be the bishop of our particular diocese—Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Goethe, Cervantes, Molière; any one of them will teach us the catholic doctrine of art—"quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus." Only let him really shape and form us, let him produce his full influence, let him drive the truth deep into our heart—to accomplish which he must have ample opportunity and time. We shall not grow really wiser by running from teacher to teacher, quitting each before he has done half his work. It is well perhaps to have a notion as to what are the hundred best books; but it is folly to suppose that we can really make acquaintance with half a hundred teachers. Each teaches the truth universal, but in his own way and with his own methods, and to submit ourselves to any one is a discipline. It is a moral impossibility while we are undergoing the peculiar and exacting discipline of Goethe to undergo at the same time the peculiar and exacting discipline of Dante. But perhaps in the course of years we can do this; and some of us who are studious of perfection may strive to pass through various rules of discipline, in attempting which we should choose masters like Dante and Goethe, who, while each one of the greatest of all time, and each an interpreter of the catholic truth of human life, yet differ, each from the other, as widely as is permitted to interpreters of the truth universal. To submit ourselves to as many masters as may be counted on the fingers of one hand, is perhaps as much as can really be accomplished in a lifetime; for we too have to live, and our master's teaching is never more than notional unless we put it into use and effect in our own lives.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recommended that we should always have in our mind lines and expressions of the great masters, which may serve, he says, as a touchstone to other poetry. "Of course," he adds, "we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them: it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact, we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality in all other poetry which we may place beside them." He instances, among others, the words in Homer addressed by Achilles to the suppliant Priam:

καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μέν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι;

"Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy;" and Dante's simple, but perfect, simple line:

"In la sua volantade è nostra pace,"

"In His will is our peace;" and Shakespeares's:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;"

and Milton's:

"Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek."

It would need Mr. Matthew Arnold's tact to assay poetry by such a method as this; but after all only his metaphor is wrong, not his meaning. Such a passage of flawless poetry as any one of those quoted is not a touchstone to apply to other passages of poetry, but a tuning-fork to ring for ourselves; and if we do not answer true, we had better not proceed with our observation of any other piece of poetry, for we cannot hope that our observation will be pure. We are out of tune with the highest.

While submitting ourselves patiently and disinterestedly to the impression of the object, and holding our own vivacity in check, we are not really passive. We are not as wax which receives the impression of a seal, for in this case the wax is instinct with life, and moves towards the seal, and clings around and into it. In this patient energizing of the mind to receive a true impression or to make a pure observation, we should above all endeavour to distinguish the relative values in the object; what is central in the object should be central for us, and each detail should be perceived in relation to the centre. There is a criticism which delights in pointing out the "beauties" of an author, sometimes to the obscuring of the total impression of his work. In this criticism Leigh Hunt was pre-eminent; his pleasure in dainty phrases and exquisite lines was so quick and fine, that he could not let them remain quietly in their right places, but in his eager and almost sensuous delight he must put in his thumb, and pick out his poetical plums, exclaiming, "What a good critic am I!" With Leigh Hunt the parts become often more important than the whole. He emphasizes and underlines each curious felicity of diction until we forget that fine lines and phrases must grow out of the heart of the subject, if they are not to wither like the rootless blossoms stuck in a child's flower-bed. And yet Leigh Hunt was a critic with many admirable qualities, and was swift and generous in his recognition of genius as yet unnoted by the world. What other critic has ever had the happiness to make discovery in one short article of two such poets as those dis-

covered by Leigh Hunt in his article entitled *Young Poets*, in the *Examiner* for 1816? One of the two had published a slender volume of verse in the preceding spring, and one had printed a few sonnets in a newspaper. The first of these became the author of *Prometheus Unbound*; and the second the author of *Hyperion*.*

Such indicating of what is obvious as we often find in Leigh Hunt's essays has been nicknamed "signpost criticism." Yet he must indeed be a traveller of rare experience and sagacity who has never felt grateful for a signpost. On a straight unbroken road it is an impertinence to advise the wayfarer how to advance. But among mountain tracts, where the mists descend, we may well consult a guide. And to study any great author is to traverse a difficult mountain range, or if he be an author of vast width, as Goethe was, it is to traverse a series of mountain ranges. A modest pedestrian, if he desire before nightfall to reach some definite point (and the night at farthest is not far off) may rejoice to be saved from objectless wanderings or to be turned aside from entering a cul-de-sac.

When, after a period of patience and observation, the student of literature has obtained a faithful impression of the object, he casts his self-restraint aside, and leaps or darts forward to discover if possible the law governing the phenomena which he has observed. They are not isolated phenomena; they belong to an organic whole; they are determined by the law of its life. What, then, is that law? Sometimes the unity of a work of literature or art is found in a single dominant conception; sometimes in a dominant passion; sometimes in a single, low-toned mood of mind; sometimes in a harmonious sequence or suite of emotions; sometimes in a character; sometimes in an action; sometimes in action, character and passion united. In each case we form a hypothesis as to the motive of the composition, and endeavour to colligate the facts under that hypothesis. Should our hypothesis fail to colligate the facts, we reject it and try another and yet another. Not that the skilful critic of literature will care to present the public with anything which has a scientific or pseudo-scientific aspect. His theory as to the motive of a work of art is not obtruded as theory, but it determines his point of view, and enables him to exhibit the life of the composition, where otherwise he could do no more than set forth a series of dead items and details. Occasionally he can at once and without hesitation put his finger on the precise motive of a work—it is some single definite conception. Thus amid all the varied imagery of Keats' *Ode on Melancholy* the idea of the poem stands forth. The melancholy of melancholies, Keats would say to us, is that of

* A third name included in Leigh Hunt's poetical prophecy was that of Keats' friend John Hamilton Reynolds.

joy which must pass away, and of beauty which must fade and die.

> "She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die
> And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu."

And here we are fortunate in being able to watch the idea in its inception, and assist, as it were, at the very act of creation; for we know the earlier opening of the ode, rejected by Keats because the raw-head and bloody-bones conception embodied in those rejected lines was felt to be out of harmony with the general effect of luxurious tenderness.

In studying more complex works we must guard against looking for a thought, or a truth, or an abstract notion, or a doctrine, or a passion, or even a character or an action as central; and especially in the study of dramatic poetry we should resist the tendency to excessive simplifying of motives. Ordinarily in the drama—always in the Shakespearian drama—an action, a character, and a passion are inextricably twisted together to make the central knot of life, the heart, which sends its life-blood pulsing through every member of the whole. It is otherwise with the drama of ideal passion, in which the characters are created as mere vehicles for the passion which forms the real subject of the play. Thus in each of the dramas of Shakespeare's greatest contemporary, Marlowe, the protagonist is a single dominant passion, exalted to heroic proportions, and using the character of the chief person of the drama as the field for its display. In *Tamburlaine*, the Scythian king is of dramatic value only as he incarnates the lust of power, which finds its manifestation in him. Nor in the play which bears his name is Dr. Faustus so much the dramatic centre as is the lust of knowledge—of knowledge as a means to power—which possesses and dominates the ambitious student of the magic arts. This is not Shakespeare's method. And if we would learn by unhappy example the danger of the attempt to reduce any one of Shakespeare's plays to an abstraction or an idea, we have but to glance into the criticisms of the *Merchant of Venice* by eminent German scholars. It was Shakespeare's purpose in the *Merchant of Venice*, says Gervinus, to delineate man in relation to property. No, declares Ulrici, for its ideal unity lies in the principle *summum jus summa injuria*, a view on which Rötscher improves by exhibiting the topic of the play as "the dialectics of abstract right." For a modest English critic the play has no other centre than the Merchant placed between Shylock and Portia, with the passion of generosity and mercy set over against the passion of vindictive hate, and a three-times varied action—the story of the caskets, the story of the pound of flesh, and the story of the rings—strung together upon the thought of how promises and bonds and inherited obliga-

tions should be regarded; an action brightly serious in the casket story, tragic in the story of the merchant's bond, and closing with play and laughter in the jest of the betrothal rings.

The happiest moment in the hours of study of a critic of literature is when seemingly by some divination, but really as the result of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord, and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material—it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist—and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervour of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is well to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see colour as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of Nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man? Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural, and, if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had little feeling for the delights of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats, or is his nose, like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air; Has he, like Browning, a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements, or does he, like Shelley, live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does

he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas! What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate: or the reverse of these? These and such like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skilfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. It is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience, may be well supported by something of method—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant—God, external Nature, humanity—we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith as well as the tendencies and conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man? Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers. and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external Nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which Nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed

to express and render—the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he had attained of the external universe, of humanity and of God.

Of all our study the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain wherewith he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power easier and surer for others. If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart-ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

MASSINGER AND THE BANKSIDE.

Southwark, or to use the Domesday Book title, Sudwerche, is a great Nineveh to the antiquarian student. Here stood the Tabard Inn from whence started Chaucer's pilgrims,

> The holye blissful martyr for to seek.

Here was that celebrated hostel, The Beare at the Bridge-foot, mentioned by Pepys, and an aristocratic resort from the time of the third Richard. Here was the chapel from which Bunyan sounded his allegorical warnings.

The lover of dramatic archæology, however, will turn from all these to that narrow strip of land, called Bankside, facing the river and extending from the Priory of St. Mary Overy (now called St. Saviour's Church) almost to the Blackfriars Bridge. Here stood four theatres—The Globe, The Rose, The Hope, and The Sun. Here was, also, the celebrated Paris Garden, where Queen Elizabeth frequently witnessed "bowll-baytynges" and "beare-baytynges." Close by stood the Folken Inne, the favourite lounge of Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Burbage, Peele, Massinger and many others. In a narrow street beside St. Mary Overy's Shakespeare lived and wrote many of his plays; in the adjacent churchyard he buried his "player" brother Edmund, of whom so little is known. On the Bankside, in the same house, Beaumont and Fletcher. The air is thick, and the rough cobble-stones laden, with memories. Here, after a long lapse of years, lived Oliver Goldsmith, plodding about with his nostrums—a quack doctor! To come to my text, here lived and died Philip Massinger. Summing up his career from his birth until his appearance at Bankside, it runs roughly thus: Born at Salisbury in 1584, he went to St. Alban's Hall,

Oxford, in 1602. Here he remained four years, leaving without taking a degree. Coming direct to London, for sixteen years he all but disappeared. To quote his own words, he "had but faintly subsisted if he had not often tasted the bounty of his patrons." When we find him sojourning at The Bankside, he was assisting Fletcher in playwriting. To judge from Sir Ashton Cockayne's lines, addressed to the publisher of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger would seem to have had, at least, as large a share in the volume as Beaumont.

> In the large book of plays you late did print
> In Beaumont and Fletcher's name, why in't
> Did you not justice give to each his due?
> For Beaumont of those many writ but few,
> And Massinger in other few . . .

The titles of thirty-eight plays from his pen descend to us. Of these eighteen are still in existence, the remaining twenty being lost, chiefly owing to the barbarous negligence of Mr. Warburton. He had collected some sixty MS. plays, by various authors, and had entrusted their safe keeping to the hands of a female servant, who made rapid use of them as firelights, consuming all but three. May she, leading Newton's dog, wander everlastingly through the groves of Hades!

Massinger's first play, *The Virgin Martyr*, was not printed until 1622, three years before Fletcher's death. Giffard, however, proves it to have been written many years before. From 1622 until his death he produced always one, and sometimes two, in a season, thus proving the fertility of his pen, noticed in the lines of a contemporary poet.

> Ingenious Shakespeare, Massinger that knows
> The strength of plot, to write in verse or prose,
> Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er
> Some threescore miles of fancy in an honr.

In his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and especially in the creation of Sir Giles Overreach, he probably approached more nearly to Shakespeare than any other fellow-craftsman. It was this character, as played by Edmund Kean, which shocked Mrs. Piozzi, and sent Lord Byron into hysterics.

Massinger was not a fanciful nor a particularly witty writer, yet in many ways his comedy is a model of what comedy should be. A vivid reflection and history of the age, in which satire—that antidote to rudeness—is applied to folly, and vicious manners are unsparingly scourged. His tone is wholesomely didactic, sometimes oppressively so. His women, although dignified, are over feminine. Not so natural, perhaps as the Centaures, Otters, and Fallaces of Ben Jonson, every one of whom, we know, objected to latch-keys and poked the fire from the top. Still, his Madames and Misses have pitiful hearts and variable tempers.

As I noticed before, in 1622 Fletcher left Massinger. He was taken away by the Great Plague, and was buried in the yard of St. Mary Overy's. His death is thus alluded to by Sir John Aubrey: "In the great plague a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him (Fletcher) into the county. He stayed in London but to make himself a suit of clothes, and when it was making, fell sick and died. This I heard from the tailor, who is now a very old man, and clerk of St. Marie Overie."

For fifteen more discolored years Massinger struggled on, like Marlowe and Nat Lee, a Bohemian pauper. In some hovel situate amidst those infamous stews, inseparably connected with the Bishops of Winchester, he produced his more matured works. His last play was staged but six weeks before his death, yet no trace of it now remains. His death came suddenly on the 17th of March, 1639.

Although then in the meridian of his fame, his fate seems to have attracted but little, if any, notice. Reputations, to-day, are made and lost quickly, and a tolerably well-known man may slip from the world very quietly. Still, the collected curiosities of present-day biography could not compete with the disappearance of Massinger. If the meanest little "adapter" who ever spoiled Sardou, and who breathes the Strand air to-day, were to pass over to the majority to-morrow, he would have his circle of mourners, who would follow him to Brompton or to Kensal Green, make a subscription for his widow, and raise above his bed a £5 memorial in Aberdeen granite. Here was a man in the very front rank, falling suddenly from that rank without exciting post-mortem comment or admiration. Not even a sneer was put into print to commemorate him.

The indigence which marked his whole life, followed him to the bottom of his grave. He died, if not in a brothel, surrounded and pent in by brothels. His funeral was a pauper's. Hurried through the narrow twisting closes leading from the Bankside, distant but an odd hundred yards; followed, perhaps, by a few threadbare poets, scarcely more alive than himself, his body reached the churchyard of St. Mary Overy's. Here, some "barber o' prayers" muttered a few words above the coffin, through the gaping seams of which he could catch more than a glimpse of all that was mortal of our "dear brother." Down went the box and body, parting as they fell, and in went the clods, rattling and drumming upon them. Even as the sexton, with a few dexterous taps of the back of his spade, flattened and smoothed the surface, the clerk in the adjacent vestry shook sand upon the following entry.

Burialls. 1639 March, 18, Philip Massinger Stranger.

No doubt all names are the same when it comes to register and coffin; the wonder is they spelt this one correctly.

The lover of Massinger who visits Southwark for some trace of his

resting-place, will be in a fix more pitiable than that of the Turkish maiden who went forth to seek her lover, having no clue but his name. She but sought among the living, the other must seek among the dead. Passing amidst the relics of what M. Rénan calls the "dear shades," the stranger will encounter dingy slabs commemorating lord mayors and other nobodies, in dull language, dismal epitomes of their commonplace existences. He may frown himself blind endeavoring to decipher unreadable inscriptions. He may wander backwards and forwards over a meagre tract of scanty, scrubby grass, and imagine any site he pleases for the nameless tomb. He knows but a "trembly sod" holds him from Massinger, yet not even the most mendacious of vergers dares a suggestion as to the locality of that sod. "He died and was buried" remains the sum total proven. One sweet consolation remains, wherever he lies, Massinger has Fletcher, his sometime colaborator, for a bedfellow. Those who mingled wits so happily now mingle bones in most admirable confusion. This last rests on the word of their "good old friend," as he styles himself, the before-quoted Sir Aston Cockayne.

> In the same grave was Fletcher buried here,
> Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger;
> Plays they did write together, were great friends,
> And now one grave includes them in their ends.
> So whom on earth nothing could part, beneath
> Here (in their fame) they lie, in spite of Death.

That Massinger could pass from the actul business and quick triumphs of the stage, to be buried as a pauper-stranger, can only be explained by the fact, that he left more than enough to fill his place. This, of course, and a moderate wealth of cynicism, would explain anything. Doubtless, on that March night Massinger's ability was discussed and discounted, at the neighboring "Folken Inne." Doubtless the funeral libations were deep and frequent, and many an one got drunk to the refrain of R. I. P. No doubt, amid the curl of smoke raised by those who had learned to "take tobacco" in the Low Countries, the fact he had taken no college degree was commented upon. No doubt his age was pronounced far greater than he himself had stated it. No doubt many if not all present had noticed him failing and his mind going of late. His bibulous propensities were doubtless exaggerated. When the timid man in the corner, who had received stray kindnesses at the hands of the dead poet, let his gratitude exceed his modesty, and stammered forth a defence, he was soon silenced in the bluff Elizabethan way, I warrant you. Blushing, but angry, he remained so, until the unsteady old men reeled home, when his pent-up indignation took the form of melancholy. Wanting further information, but full of pity, here we must leave Massinger, close to the dry ribs of Fletcher,

> In the ground fast ramm'd,

to quote from that expressive epitaph attributed to Shakespeare.

TOM RUSSELL.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quotiug from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes, but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globes edition.*]

DRAYTON A DEBTOR TO *RICHARD II.*

Richard II was first published in 1597; its composition is usually ascribed to a period several years anterior to that date. Drayton's *Heroical Epistles* made their earliest appearance in print in 1598, and give evidence that their author was well acquainted with Shakespeare's tragedy and had not disdained to borrow from it. Compare the following passages:

> *Queen.* For nothing hath begot my something grief;
> Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
> 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
> *But what it is*, that is *not yet known; what*
> *I cannot name*; *'tis nameless woe I wot*,
> —*Richard II:* II, i, 36–40.

> But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go
> When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
> Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,
> If from my heart some fears were hid away;
> *Something there is that danger still doth show*,
> *But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know.*
> —Drayton: *Epistle of Queen Isabel to Richard II.*

> *King Richard. Doubly divorced!* Bad men, you violate
> *A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me*,
> And then *betwixt me and my married wife.*
> —*Richard II:* V, i, 71–3.

Drayton unquestionably had the lines just quoted in his mind, when writing those which follow. Isabel in France is writing to Richard in Pomfret:

> But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part
> Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
> To add to our affliction, to deny
>
> That one poor comfort left our misery;
> *He had before divorced thy crown and thee*,
> Which might suffice, *and not to widow me;*
> But so to prove the utmost of his hate
> To part us in this miserable state.

King Richard. Part us Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, *set forth in pomp,*
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
—*Richard II:* V, i, 76–80.

Drayton elaborates the contrast between the Queen's coming and her going thus:

When I to England came, a world of eyes
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And all are set, before my going down;
The smooth fac'd air did on my coming smile
But I with storms am driven to exile.
Queen. Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.
—*Richard II:* II, ii, 64–66.

Drayton has a recollection of this passage in his *Epistle of Harry Howard to Geraldine:*

Care draws on care, *woe comforts woe again,*
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.

PHILADELPHIA. A. M. BEVERIDGE.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF MACBETH.

On p. 87 of Vol. II. of Shakespeariana, "Sirron" desires further particulars concerning the author of this work, but unfortunately but little is known of him.

Peter Buchan was born at Peterhead in 1790. He established himself as a printer in that town, and died in London, September 19th, 1854.

His principal production is entitled:—*Gleanings, of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce old ballads, many of them connected with the localities of Aberdeenshire, with explanatory notes.* Peterhead, 1885 16°. This collection, although praised by Scott, in the *Border Minstrelsy,* is said to have been manufactured "by two very young men, who amused themselves by imposing their productions on the not very critical or judicious editor."

Buchan's MSS., in two large folio volumes, containing many curious ballads, never before printed, afterwards became the property of Charles Mackay.

ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y. ALBERT R. FREY.

[Mr. Frey has entirely missed the point of Sirron's note. The latter did not ask for information concerning Peter Buchan, but *did* want to know something as to the very curious book entitled *The Secret History of Macbeth* and Mr. Frey's communication fails to shed any light on this.—ED. N. & Q.]

THE DRAMA.

All English lovers of Shakespeare's genius who have read M. Stapfer's just comments upon the poet's work and mind must know very well,—if only by that single sign of critical insight,—that a penetrating, intimate and genial appreciation of Shakespeare's proper flavor is not the mythical, impossible thing the general run of over-loyal English writers seem to believe it is. Telling over certain names of other judicious Frenchmen of letters as they chance to recur to me, Mm. Barthélémay, St. Hilaire, Vacquerie, Coppée, Angier and Paul Meurice, I can not but feel sensible of the awkwardness of seeming to involve them in the impertinent accusation an apology usually implies. Yet, I may be absolved from such an implication, because, after all, the apology is not superfluous. The English public expects nothing but disappointment from French Shakespearianism, or rather, refuses to see that a lover can wear true appreciation with any difference in the cross-gartering,

Inadequate, over-Gallic translations and representations of Shakespeare on the one side, and ingrained insular prejudices on the other have combined to limit the free interchange of appreciation that cultured minds should give brotherly, gratefully and justly to the heroes of all time. On both sides there has been too much stupid, patriotic insistance on inherited differences which should be transmitted to the enrichment of the common stock.

The latest suggestion of such transmutation is afforded by M. Paul production of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* at the Odéon, of which the following account has reached this side of the world :

Paul Meurice is not discouraged by the failures of these who have gone before him in producing Shakespeare's plays on the Paris stage. He thinks they have not succeeded because they were not true to the letter and spirit of the greatest English dramatist, and he refuses to believe that Parisians were repelled by the alleged grossness of much of Shakespeare's language. There is not a single demoralising phrase, he holds, in all the works of Shakespeare. M. Paul Meurice, strong in his conviction, brought out last month at the Odéon a translation of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which has the merits at which he so earnestly aimed. An orchestra, with M. Colonne as leader, performed the music of Mendelssohn. The celebrated Wedding March

was enthusiastically applauded. Several scenes were curtailed or cut out, but the translation, so far as it went, was reverently faithful. A few choruses have been added, but I regret to say that, notwithstanding these devices to please and amuse, the audience appeared to think the different scenes rather long. Few seemed aware that in this strangely beautiful drama the imagery is of the most wild and fantastic, and that dreams are embodied before our eyes. The spectators were generally at a loss to understand the visionary character of the *dramatis personæ*. The name of Bottom the Weaver, being untranslatable, was left in English. The names of the other actors were thus rendered: —Quince by Etrique, Snug by Lecoing, Snout by Groin, and Starveling by Le Famine. Bottom's ass's head was a tremendous success, and by some internal machinery he was enabled to prick his ears, which set the house in a roar of laughter. However, the effect produced by the sweet and skillfully composed nocturne of Mendelssohn, and the braying of the ass when Titania was asleep, was too incongruous to please. The saying of Bottom, "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life," was thus expressed in French—"Si vous vous imaginez que je suis un lion vivant, je suis un homme mort." There were in all eight tableaux. The last representing the wedding of Theseus and Hyppolita was magnificently gorgeous, and its scenic splendor was heightened by the finest music, both choral and instrumental. A ballet was introduced. The piece on the whole was a success.

* * *

Mdme. Modjeska closed the steady work of her last season at Newark, N. J., on the 24th of last month. Not until the 12th of July will she again appear, and then in San Francisco, in the meanwhile enjoying a long vacation, resting part of this time in the mellow air of Lower California.

During her next regular season, which opens at the Union Square Theatre in New York on the 25th of October, several unusual features will add attraction to her three months engagement there. At least two original plays by American authors are hinted at. Of one of these a promising rumor is astir. Mr. Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, are now rounding out the lines of an ingeniously-constructed play which has been read to Mme. Modjeska and is approved by her. It is in the title *rôle* of this play that the public may anticipate her appearance, and in this play, planned by the quick invention of Hawthorne the younger, aided by Mr. Parson's careful pen, it may be hoped the public shall find at last a worthy contribution to that elusive thing called the American Drama.

* * *

The students of the University of Pennsylvania whose pleasant task it has been to make themselves Greek for the time being, effected an

unusually sympathetic and satisfactory representation of *The Acharniaus* of Aristophanes at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 14th May. The selection of this comedy was found judicious. The play is well suited for such a representation, because the stir of State affairs that enlivens it; the familiar references to municipal life that give it local color; and the frank and cynical common-sense that prevails in it, embodied and triumphant in Dikaioplis the imperturbable man of peace, all bring the Athenian world of twenty centuries ago into comparison with our's in points that an American audience may feel are intimate with all their remoteness, and in spite of the differences which lend fresh light on an old political story.

The musical part of the entertainment was performed under the direction of Prof. Hugh Archibald Clarke. He very ably managed, under the bonds of the Cretic meter, to insinuate an original and concordant musical motive. And upon his success in composition, as well as upon the training of the chorus, and the leading of the orchestra, he deserves appreciative congratulation.

Many distinguished representatives of the chief American Colleges were among the spectators who made up the large and enthusiastic audience. After the last strains of the overture, the chorodidaskolos introduced, had died away, Dikaiopolis entered,—in the person of Mr. George Wharton Pepper, who gave the part with ability, grace and accuracy,—and began his fluent and witty complaints. He had worked himself into a humor that could have no patience with anything but the prosperous jollities of peace, when the Athenian public came hustling in to the meeting. Here, and when the Persian embassy appeared below, and the chorus filled the welled-in space beneath, about the white altar of Bacchus, the symmetrical beauty of the simple scene was most refreshing.

The hubbub and determined opposition of the revengeful Acharnians; the help Dikaiopolis secures of Euripides to make his cause effective before a jury; the war of words between the martial and resplendant Lamachos, who believes in heroism, and the clever Dikaiopolis, who believes in comfort, and pokes no end of fun at salaried valor; the Megarian episode with its significant example of the ancient origin of bad old proverbs; the mock ceremonies and culinary elegies of the Feast of Flagons;— all the outline incidents of the action can be readily grasped and enjoyed, where wit less homely and manifest would have escaped unscholarly recognition. Add to this reminiscent palatableness of a good old vintage, the studious care of the managers and the skill and attention of the young student-actors, and it may be seen how this revival of a Greek play 2000 years after its last known presentation was not only an event interesting to scholars, but was also an entertainment agreeable to a modern audience.

While not Philadelphia alone, but, in sympathy, the scholastic world, generally, on this side of the Atlantic, has been interested in the performance of *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on the 14th May, by the students of the University of Pennsylvania: Greek thoughts, Greek ways and Greek actions have been occupying the most prominent place on the London stage, as well. On Thursday the 13th May a tremendously fashionable audience, at a guinea apiece, sat out four hours of the story of *Orestes*, played by a number of amateurs at the large Prince's Hall. There was a series of tableaux arranged by Professor Warr, of University College, condensing the three chief plays of Æschylus into a single evening for the benefit of the higher education of women in that institution. The Prince and Princess of Wales and all their family came, to everybody's surprise, and remained till the very end. On Friday afternoon a similar series, arranged from Homer, was performed under the title, *The Tale of Troy*. On Monday a still bigger Greek play was performed by professional actors and actresses in an original English play on a familiar classical subject, reconstructed strictly according to the rules of the Greek drama and called *Helena in Troas*. In order to secure a stage auditorium exactly like a Greek theatre, the promotors took Hengler's Circus (which is now in the old Covent Garden Theatre) and built a proscenium stage across one chord of the circle, boarded over the ring and turned it into a Greek orchestra, with the altar in the middle. The result was a theatre the proportions of which are almost exactly like those of a theatre of Dionysius in the Acropolis in Athens. All details as to dresses and adjuncts had been prepared with the greatest care. Elaborate music was written for the occasion. The Prince of Wales was present, and everything indicated a big success, from the dances to the chorus.

SHAKESPEARE AND M. MEURICE.

Titania— * *
I am a spirit of no common rate,
The Summer still doth tend upon my State;
And I do love thee; therefore go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
* *
[*M. N. D.* III, i.]

Mais vois-moi douc! Je suis une divinite;
Mon empire est celui de l'éternel été,
Et je t'aime! Á ma voix, tes servantes, les fées.
Viendront tresser les fleurs sur ton, front en trophées;
Elles t'iront chercher la perle au fond des mers;
Elles te berceront de leurs plus doux concerts;
Tu seras, dépouillant l'envelope charnelle,
Comme moi-même, un souffle, un rêve, une âme, une aile!

REVIEWS.

GARRICK AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

I spoke so familiar, sir, and so little in the *hoity-toity* tone of the tragedy of that day that the manager told me I had better go to grass for another year or two.

The honest energy of Charles Macklin and the heavy naturalness of his acting was thus opposed, at his first appearance in London, to the stiffened traditions of the School of Betterton, notably embodied then in the jealous pompousness of surly James Quin, the last of the Betterton line. But though it was not until the full noon of the Eighteenth Century, when all London surrendered unconditionally to Garrick, the true king of the new dynasty, that the forced declamatory methods of the old inheritance were superseded by a dramatic action fed directly from the fresh sources of nature; still the student of English histrionic development will not fail to recognize in Macklin a father of the modern English Stage. Rough and unpliant as were his talents, lacking in the sprightly and illumined variousness that crowned the genius of Garrick, his clear sense and undeceived judgment enabled him to get the first sight of the new territory, and his solid ability entitled him to take rank as the usher in and teacher of the new school.

It is, therefore, justly planned that Macklin's biography should open the first volume, devoted to Garrick and his contemporaries, in the series of histrionic annals Messieurs Matthews and Hutton are now issuing. In this admirable anthology* skillful arrangement has here and elsewhere added its unifying charm to the separate savors and contrasting tints of the bouquet these clever editors have bound together.

Only a few years behind Macklin in his first appearance at the English capital, yet Garrick was not an even-running rival. He belonged to a younger world; and, while he surpassed his teacher, acknowledged that his elder's criticism had been his aid.

In an upper room at St. John's Gate strange events were prepared, alike interesting to modern actor and modern critic as foreshadow of a new order of procedure in stage effects and in dramatic criticism. When the little actor from Lichfield rushed, with short prelude and small training, suddenly into the full gaze of the London play-going

* *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the days of Garrick to the present time.* Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. I. Garrick and his Contemporaries. Cassell & Co. New York, 1886.

world, it must be remembered he had already gained the approval of a judicious group of critics in the little room over the Gate. The patronage of his pedagogue and fellow-townsman in green and quiet Lichfield, and the plaudits of the great Samuel Johnson's under clique of writers who made the *Gentleman's Magazine*,—and therein instituted modern periodical literature and magazine criticism,—had hailed Garrick's ready-born gifts; and these approved friends stood ready to form a nucleus of appreciators who could certify to the general public the value of the new dramatic practice, which Horace Walpole said he saw nothing wonderful in.

Macklin's signal appearance, in 1741, as the very jew "that Shakespeare drew," took place two months later than Garrick's great *début* in *Richard III.*, but the one had worked his way slowly though a long, tough life to the eminency he gained as actor, playwright, teacher, lecturer, and Nestor of the Stage; while the other, with one agile bound of his alert, flexible faculties, over-leaped drudging, and stood upright and ready to worst the prepared but clumsier forces of the big majestic Quin, as Macklin, his old competitor, too much like him in make, though in his theory of acting different enough, could never have so worsted them.

Kitty Clive's plain face, sharp tongue, and warm-hearted, hoydenish, common-place nature accompanies the figure of the versatile accomplished Garrick in the retrospective picture of the period. But though it be true, as Johnson said, that what she did best she did better than he, she was no companion-piece for him. The head romp among stage chambermaids, though she lighted up the honest vulgarity of her stage presence with that most delicious and rare of gifts in woman, true humor, she was not capable of personating the higher parts to which her ambition aspired. And one who had some innate bar to hold her from rising simply and with easy dignity to parts like that of Portia, Desdemona, or Ophelia, cannot claim a place as sister of the blood in that art where Garrick, throughout the range of high or low, always found himself at home.

Margaret Woffington, the apprentice and *protegée* of a tight-rope dancer, who could blaze out with power in Lady Macbeth, and soften to the sweetest archness in Rosalind, Margaret Woffington,

> the washerwoman's daughter with the delicate long fingers, the imperious beauty from a Dublin back-street, who was the finest of stage fine ladies, whose distinction was unimpeachable, whose manners were perfect,—

she, better than any other till the nobler Siddons comes, may take the feminine place of honor beside the inimitable Garrick.

From the same quick-witted and plausible race, across the Irish Sea from Dublin, came the handsome, loveable, and gentle actor whose physical gifts, added to very respectable talents, carried the louder applause away from Garrick's Romeo and Othello. His Othello was

doubtless great. His Romeo was the ideal of lovers. And in many lesser parts Barry's graces of manner and interpretation gave him irresistable advantages. Still, perhaps it may be assumed that, great as his merits were, he lacked that greatest and peculiar power of seeming identification, unmistakable and inseparable, with his part, which is indicated in the distinction drawn in the following lines between his Lear and Garrick's:—

The town has found out different ways,
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king? Ay, every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite another thing;
He's every inch King Lear.

Barry's wife gained as great prominence as a clever actress as her husband did as an actor. But her capacity was greater than her skill; and if her eminence proved temporary, it was the fault of her untempered vehemence, never schooled and controlled to a truer and more effective gradation by proper study.

Among the lesser lights of the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Samuel Foote owed the prominence he had to his best endowment, a certain light-hearted and generous proneness to comradry. He was the Bohemian of Bohemians. In all respects as typical a stage *gamin* as though he had never known gentle breeding or seen the inside of an Oxford College. A saucy and most incorrigible joker and mimic, who fattened on local gags and sharp personalities, although a facile and successful comedian, he never ranked more than second-rate. As play-writer, he was as alert as a modern newspaper-man in seizing opportunities in vogue, and in introducing pat themes that brought him passing luck and gained for him a bubble reputation. He deserved, perhaps desired, no more. Always in debt, yet he was never in trouble, so prompt and cat-like was his recovery; so ready was he, in spite of his free-handedness, to find ways, mainly through his forte of pleasing people, to the means he was always needing. The story Johnson tells of him shows—

in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his power of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and

this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down-stairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer."

Tate Wilkinson should follow at Foote's coat-tails, a shadow's shade, "a mimic's mimic," yet, like Foote, a shrewd, companionable fellow; born with an instinctive love of the green room, hobnobbing with all the players, taking them off on the stage, writing them up in his *Memoirs*, and managing his companies generously, he is entitled rather by implication than by well-earned right to a place in a selected list of the actors of his day.

Richard III. has been, curiously enough it seems at first thought, the most played of all Shakespearian pieces, and the one most familiar to the *débuts* of ambitious actors. Doubtless because of its abrupt and rough effectiveness, its lack of fine gradations and the normal and true development that characterizes Shakespeare's later work, it has been the play which could easiest lend itself to the impetuous attempts of immature tragedians. It was in *Richard III.* that Thomas, the second Sheridan, first appeared, in Dublin, more than two years after Garrick's great entrance at Goodman's Fields in the same part; and it was also as Crooked Dickon that Mossop, having already pleased Dublin audiences in the part, made his first London appearance at Garrick's Theatre in Drury Lane in 1751.

Sheridan's good education and literary connections, his earnest efforts as lexicographer and lecturer on elocution and good English, his wifes's intellectual attainments and fine social tact, above all the importance his brilliant son's achievements lent him, combined to give him an eminence which his scholarly, tasteful acting did not detract from, yet was not alone adequate to build. Othello, Hamlet, and Brutus, as well as Richard III., were all parts he affected, but in none did the public consider him so meritorious as in King John.

Mossop was a much more impressive actor. With Barry in Dublin, and even afterward, when without the complementary attraction of this judicious actor, and also while in London, his energetic and commanding powers earned him for a short time a full measure of success. His sulking vanity and small pettishness, his weak decline into insignificance, his miserable poverty and early death—ignoble and pitiable points in his history—are redeemed in one's remembrance by a token of skill in his art and painstaking in his preparation that may well close here, as it does in Mr. Lowe's sketch from which I quote it, this brief record of one of the greatest of Garrick's contemporaries.

It is a speech from Wolsey, one of Mossop's parts, as he marked it, and as recorded in the *Mirror* of 1799:—

(Eyes upwards.) (Surprise and peevish.)
What should this *mean?* *What* sudden anger's this?
(Sudden turn of voice—quick.)
He parted frowning from me, as if *ruin*

(Smart.) (Wild.)
Leap'd from his *eye* . . . . . .
(Voice loud and quick.)
I must read this paper;
(Transition. Much breath. Opens paper very hastily.)
I *fear* the *story* of his anger.—'Tis so—
(Strikes it quickly.) (Vast throbs of feeling.)
This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account
Of all that world of *wealth* I've DRAWN together
(Cunning and head nod. Dislike, teeth close, lips partly pressed.)
To *gain* the Popedom. O negligence!
(Quick and high.) (Wild, sudden, spitefully and peevishly.)
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross *devil*
(Hurried spirit and all in a breath.)
Made me put this MAIN SECRET in the packet
(Pause.)
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
(Face full to audience.)
(Side look, cunning, fretful and musing—swelling inward.)
No new device to beat THIS from his brains?
(Force.) (Loud.) (Pause.)
I know 'twill *stir* him strongly.
(Then sudden turn.)
(Opens letter.)
What's this?—to the *Pope.*
(Still look to the letter. Rest. Breathe out. Slow steps, head declined.)
The *letter,* as I live,—with all the business
(Quite calm and resigned.)
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
(G tone with feeling, but low.)
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
(No jerk.)
And from that full *meridian* of my glory,
(Under feeling.) (Finger pointed down.) (G tone. Sudden pause.)
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
(Solemn.) (Mournful.)
Like a bright *exhalation* in the evening,
(Weak manner, and feeling restrained.)
(Wildness of old man.)
And *no* man see me more.

Francis Barton Abington, and George Ann Bellamy were a frail, fair pair of adventurers, sprouting delicately from the slums and blooming above the mud with wonderful contrasted beauty. At the taverns in Covent Garden reciting Shakespeare, with the table for a stage, and a group of public-house frequenters for an audience; later, following a degraded life, but having strength soon to emerge from it and make a first appearance as innocent Miranda; illustrating well the elegance and wit of Shakespeare's Beatrix, or Congreve's Millicent; playing

varied parts—Desdemona, Olivia, Portia, and Ophelia among them, with discernment, though, Lady Teazle was her fittest *rôle* ;—setting the fashions in caps and fans ; vexing Garrick with her peevish exactions, and holding herself prudishly in her later years ;—Francis Abington, with all her cleverness and perseverence, was unable to push herself to independent heights. And George Ann Bellamy, complete and lovely Juliet, heroine of countless rakish adventures, she, even more than her stronger sister drew the sap that enlivened her art from the unclean conditions that, while they brought her success as a female player, forbade her nobler growth as an artist. So are the sirens themselves subjugated at last by their own wiles.

From the fashionable wickedness and sophisticated pleasures of the swarming London atmosphere, to the Puritanic environment and the severe face-to-nature manners of the sparsely settled colonies of a new world come a dozen actors headed by Lewis Hallam the elder. Starting, in 1752, when Garrick was at the noon of glory, from the same theatre in Goodman's fields, whence the "great little man" had arisen, this adventurous company set out on the first American starring tour. In the brisk, bright metropolis where Irving and Terry were received with open arms and open purses less than a hundred years later, Lewis Hallam the younger opened the first theatre, and finding it expedient to spare the public any ungodly shocks, advertised the projected entertainment as a course of lectures to begin with a prologue and end with a pantomine. But it was not to the chillêr air of Northern States that the elder Hallam brought his dramatic discoverers. They touched first on richer ground under the genial sky of Virginia. Mr. Edward Eggleston thus graphically pictures their coming :

> On the unsteady deck of the *Charming Sally*, day after day during the long voyage, the actors diligently rehearsed the plays with which they proposed to cheer the hearts of people in the New World. Williamsburg must have proved a disappointment to them. There were not more than a thousand people, white and black, in the village. The buildings, except the capitol, the college, and the so-called palace of the governor, were insignificant ; and there were only about a dozen "gentlemen's" families resident in the place. In the outskirts of the town a warehouse was fitted up for a theatre. The woods were all about it, and the actors could shoot squirrels from the windows. When the time arrived for the opening of the theatre, the Company were much dlsheartened, It seemed, during the long, still hours of the day that they had come on a fool's errand to act dramas in the woods. But as evening drew on, the whole scene changed like a work of magic. The roads leading into Williamsburg were thronged with out-of-date vehicles of every sort, driven by negroes and filled with gaily dressed ladies, whose gallants rode on horseback alongside. The treasury was replenished, the theatre was crowded, and Shakespeare was acted on this continent probably for the first time by a trained and competent Company. The *Merchant of Venice*, and Garrick's Farce of *Lethe*, were played, and at the close the actors found themselves surrounded by groups of planters congratulating them, and, after the Virginia fashion, offering them the hospitality of their houses.

That first night in the Virginia capital was also a first night for

Hallam the younger. He made then a stage-frighted entrance upon the scene as Portia's servant. From then on he took up diverse characters with skill. He created anew from native studies the part of the negro slave Mungo, in Dibdin's *Padlock*, and during fifty-six years until his death at Philadelphia, in 1808, was the mainstay of dramatic art in this country.

Among the many who supported English art during the last half of the 18th century, John Henderson was one of the strongest and staunchest. The disadvantages he had in person and voice could only be overcome by a masterly inner intelligence, and a thorough devotion to his art. By firmness and force of discernment, and unremitting study, he did thus overcome them. He was great in a wide range of Shakesperean parts—Lear, Richard the Third, Macbeth, Benedick, Othello, Iago, Shylock, Falstaff, Hamlet. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who writes his biography for *Actors and Actresses*, quotes a criticism from a paper of the day, which makes this distinction between Holman's Kemble's and Henderson's Hamlet: Holman is Hamlet; Kemble, Prince Hamlet; Henderson, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

With Henderson closes the first volume of this judiciously planned and attractive series of histrionic biographies. The sketch given of each actor's life is furnished by a special student of the stage history of that period, pertinent extracts from old stage annals, memoirs, letters, newspaper notices, and magazine articles, are appended, and thus of biography, anecdote, and criticism combined is twisted a thread to tie up and classify the odds and ends of good stuff for stage history that have hitherto been so widely scattered. Four more volumes, separable from this, but like it in design, and forming with it a portraiture of the stage from Quin and Macklin, to Irving, Salvini, and Booth, will follow. The one now in press will discuss the Kembles and their contemporaries; the third and fourth will take up the players of the middle of this century, from Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth, to Macready and Forrest, while in the fifth and last volumes the players of this day and generation will be considered.

Judging from the specimen now before the public, this summary of histrionic records will prove a hand-book of both value and interest to all lovers and students of the English stage.

Charlotte Porter.

LA BELLE FOUNTAINS.

One of the most pleasing natural objects in America is the spring of water, clear as crystal and so large and constant as to merit the title "La Belle Fountain," which gives its name to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. It all seems, however turbid may be the waters flowing in the streams elsewhere, that sent out by this fountain is always pure and transparent, and always of about thirty-eight degrees of temperature. The favourite resort of visitors and citizens is to the head of the spring, a short distance above the town, where, peering downward through the depths of the crystals they see in an unceasing movement of the sandy bed through which the water rises, filtered free from all impurities. That sight is one full of suggestions to the thoughtful, and it forms a picture for the memory always pleasant to revert to.

Each one who reads this may recall some other picture of a spring among hills which at one time or another afforded not only cooling refreshment, but pleasant thoughts. But every one may not have considered that within the body in which he dwells there is a fountain, in which the stream is not clear as crystal, but scarlet in color, and of a temperature of sixty degrees higher than the water of the spring with which his thirst was cooled. . . In every moment of life this fountain flows. An irregular flow would be accompanied by discomfort and disease, and a ceasing of the flow would be an end to life. Therefore, this fountain with stream of scarlet is a much more interesting subject for thought than even "La Belle fountain" of Bellefonte.

This scarlet fountain, the heart, is the starting point of the life. Into it the stream which it sends out returns, after making the entire circuit of the body, on its way adding new material to every particle of tissue over which it passes and taking up and carrying away with it every particle of worn-out tissue, to the lungs where the stream is purified—we might say filtered, by constant contact with a current of incoming and outgoing air. And right here is an especially interesting series of thoughts in reference to this wonderful point of contact between the current diverted from the atmosphere without and that of the life-blood within. One of these is the wonderful extent of the fine network-like air-cells over which the blood is outspread, exceeding in area the entire exterior surface of the body. Another is in reference to the striking change in the color of the stream on its entrance into its exit from the lungs. From a deep bluish-purple it is transformed to a bright scarlet. The quiet in which the overflowing fountain works in its hidden chambers in another of these thoughts.

Some twenty years ago a method of treatment to restore the bodily powers which had been for nearly a century a subject of discussion was entered upon and found exceedingly effective. Acting upon Nature's own suggestion, this effort was to give aid to the lungs in their work of transformation of the blood. The method was by inhalation, and the means used were the elements of the atmosphere readjusted. The proportions of the oxygen was largely increased and of the dilutants diminished, and the new mixture was named "Compound Oxygen."

Mr. George White, a gentleman of eighty-two years of age, living in Camden, New Jersey, writes under date of March 10, 1886, a letter which is an example of many showing the benefit received by the aged:

"At seventy-five I was completely broken down, after five years of trying labor and care nursing a sick wife. After her death my condition was such that my friends thought that I would speedily follow her. My powers of locomotion were very greatly impaired, and consultation with several distinguished physicians brought me no hope of relief, as they each and all declared that nothing could be done for me. I then concluded that I would call on you for advice, and you rather discouraged me and advised me to read up and think over the matter before deciding to take our treatment. I decided to try the Compound Oxygen, took it faithfully, and, as a result, was restored to better general health than I had known for years, and I have been able to walk, with the assistance of a cane, wherever I wanted to go. Furthermore, while never, when in good health, weighing much more, than 130 pounds, I was very much reduced in flesh when I began your treatment; and *now, although I am almost eighty-two years of age*, I weigh 150 *pounds, which is more than I ever weighed before in my life, and I have almost the vivacity of my youthful days.* I am a marvel to all of my friends, and am well satisfied that *I owe the seven years' extension of my life* to your Compound Oxygen."

That disease in the heart itself yields to the treatment is well shown by what Rev. L. H. Morey, Seneca Falls, N. Y., says, in a letter dated October 12, 1885:

"I think it must be a year or more since I purchased a Compound Oxygen Home Treatment, and used it up. I am confident it did me a great deal of good in throat and heart troubles; the fluttering and pain frequently experienced in the heart, have not touched me for months. I did not think of Compound Oxygen for that trouble, but used it for throat catarrh. The distressing heart trouble has certainly left me." In a letter dated October 30, he adds. With the exception of a cold, contracted since I last wrote you, I am in perfect health. What gratifies me most is my complete deliverance from pain in the region of the heart, and from frequent and distressing fluttering or palpitation of the heart, from which I suffered for years; it used to trouble me so that I could not sleep on my left side; and frequently I would start up in bed, and have to sit up till the sensation had passed; the sensation was usually accompanied by faintness. Now I sleep on either side and have not for months, had a return of either the pain or the fluttering. I used the Compound Oxygen for possible help to lungs, throat, and catarrh, especially the latter. I believe the Compound Oxygen to be a nerve and brain restorer; at least, I work professionally with surprising and unwonted freedom from exhaustion."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, are the physicians who have succeeded in this line of practice, and they have enrolled on their books the names of over twenty thousand patients, some of whom have made use of the Treatment at the Philadelphia offices, but the great majority have been reached at their homes by the aid of the express companies. All the states and Territories in the United States, and many foreign countries, are represented in the list of names. Reports of results written by these patients indicate clearly that very many diseases yield to the power of this treatment. Its wide range of power can only be measured by those who will go over the records. Part of these are printed by permission in a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, freely mailed to all applicants. Monographs are also published on various forms of disease which have yielded to its influence, and once each quarter the statements made by patients, with permission to publish, are printed in a little paper named "HEALTH AND LIFE" Any part or all of this literature may be had by any one sufficiently interested in the subject to write for it.

A DROLL DIALOGUE; Or, THE EDITOR'S ANCLE.

IN ONE SCENE—WITH A MORAL.

Editor Shakespeariana.—I' the name of jesting!
Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Tw. N.* II, v.]
(*Enter General Reader*)
Hola! stand there, [*Othello* I, ii.]
I desire more acquaintance with you. [*Merry Wives* II, ii.]
Reader.—To what effect? [*Julius Cæsar* I, ii.]
Editor.—The effect of your own purpose, [*M. for M.* II, i.]
That highly may advantage thee, [*Titus And.* V, i.]
As to your soul seems good.
Reader.—What advancement may I hope from thee? [*Ham.* III, ii.]
Editor.—The bettering of thy mind, [*Temp.* I, ii.]
By author's pen or actor's voice, [*Pro., Troil. and Cr.*]
Contemplative in living art, of him [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
Who had the dialect and different skill
To catch all passions in his craft of will. [*A Lover's Comp.*]
Reader.—What mean you by that saying? [*T. G. of Ver.* V, iv.]
Editor.—Marry, sir, here's my drift; [*Ham.* II, i.]
Let your study be, SHAKESPEARE;—
If my instructions may be your guide [*M. for M.* IV, ii.]
Account me your servant to study deserving, [*W. T., and Lear.*]
And now subscribe your names, [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
To make this contract grow. [*Temp.* IV, i.]

SHAKESPEARIANA collects Shakespearian news, publishes reprints of pertinent foreign articles, original criticisms, reviews and literary notes. Under THE DRAMA will be found Home and Foreign Notes of all important representations of the Shakespearian and classic drama. Under STAGE NOTES and GOSSIP more attention will be given than hitherto to the Plays and Players of to-day, SHAKESPEARIANA having it in mind, wherever fit opportunity offers, to bring the Stage and the Study into closer relation, and to strengthen the bonds that unite the Classic Drama with what is best and most promising inthe Modern Theatre.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—In October SHAKESPEARIANA proposes to open its scheme for the *common study of Shakespeare.* A plan for the organization of a Shakespeare Society will first be given, followed by a specimen plan of study upon a given play. This general plan being established, it is thought similar plans for study of other plays might be supplied by the more able societies, in turn, as nominated. It is hoped that all Societies may be induced to join, at the same time in studying the same play, following the general plan as far as convenient to the end that all efforts, slight or great, of the humblest student or the accomplished scholar, may contribute to the growth of sound literary appreciation and criticism, and to the enlargement of the common mental wealth.

☞ SHAKESPEARIANA invites immediate correspondence upon this project, from Shakespearian students and Shakespeare Societies throughout the land, and asks their co-operation in the institution and carrying out of this scheme.

ALL COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS; ALL PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS, STUDENTS, READERS AND LOVERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; ALL PLAYERS, PLAYWRIGHTS AND PLAY-GOERS——NEED SHAKESPEARIANA.

☞ FOR SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES SHAKESPEARIANA IS INDISPENSABLE. ☜

SHAKESPEARIANA IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,
1104 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE: 15 CENTS A NUMBER; $1.50 A YEAR.

THE FERREE PRESS PHILA.